Come Reader draw thy purse and be a guest
To our Parnassus; 'Tis the Muses feast:
The entertainment needs must be divine,
Apollo's th' Host: where Cockaine Heads

THE TRAGEDY OF OVID.

Written by

Sir ASTON COKAIN

Baronet.

LONDON:

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1669.

TO MY
Most highly honour'd Cousin,
CHARLES COTTON
Esquire.

Noble Cousin,

AS soon as I had finished this Play of mine, (call'd *The Tragedie of* Ovid) I sent it to wait upon you, at your house in *Berisford*; where it found so courteous and generous an Entertainment, that I should accuse my self of much ingratitude, did I not Dedicate it to you, and intreat your Favour that it might visit the world under the secure Patro-

nage of your authentick Name. I beseech you therefore to afford it so much grace, and to give it leave to lie in your Parlour-window, since you have been pleased to signalize it with two excellent Epigrams. This is but a small Testimony of my Thankfulness to you, for an abundancie of high and obliging Favours that I have (upon several occasions) received from you: To which you will infinitely adde, by continuing in your good opinion,

Sir,

Your very affectionate Kinsman, and most humble Servant,

ASTON COKAIN.

To the Author, ON Captain HANNIBAL.

An Epigram.

YOur Captain Hannibal *does ſnort and puff,*
Arm'd in his brazen face, and greaſie Buff
'Mongſt Punks and Pandars, and can rant and rore,
With Cacala *the Turd, & his poor Whore.*
But I would wiſh his Valour not miſtake us;
All Captains are not like his brother Dacus.
Adviſe him then be quiet, or I ſhall
Bring Captain Hough, *to bait your* Hannibal.

Charles Cotton.

Dram-

Drammatis Perſonæ.

PYrontus, *A young Lord.*
Philocles, *His Friend.*
Baſſanes, *A young Lord.*
Marullus, *His Friend.*
Phœbianus, Pyrontus *his younger Brother; called alſo* Caralinda.
Hannibal, *A baniſht Italian Captain.*
Cacala, *A young fellow, his man.*
Publius Ovidius Naſo.
Dacus, *A Getick Captain.*
Clorina, Baſſanes *his Bride.*
Armelina, *Her Siſter.*
Cypaſſis, *A Bawd.*
Spinella, *Her Daughter, a Courtezan of* Tomos.
Floretta, *A Roman Courtezan.*
Maskers.
A Spectre.
Servants.

The Scene Tomos, *a Citie in* Pontus.

The sweet-tongd Ovid's Counterfeit behold;
Which Noblest Romans wore in rings of gold
Or would you y, which his owne pensil drew
The Poet, in his deathless Poems, view.

The Tragedy
OF
OVID

Actus primi, Scena prima.

Enter Pyrontus, *furiously intending to fall upon his sword, and* Phylocles *after him, who with his foot strikes it away.*

Pyrontus. UNcivil man begon, before my rage
Increases above my troubled patience;
And I for this untimely Courtesy,
Make thee to harbinger my Soul, in death,
Phylocles. Alas! My Lord why will you take away
The noblest Life that ever honour'd *Pontus*?
I pray you think upon't.
Pyron. I am resolv'd.
Nor will I live to see *Corina* made

A wife to any man beſides my ſelf.
Phylo. Ah! who would not run mad, and tear his haire.
And weep until his eye-balls did diſſolve,
To ſee the braveſt man of all this Land
So paſſionate? And for a ſcornful Lady?
Pyron. Kill me *Phylocles*: Thou wilt do a deed
The gods will love thee for; for I am One
Full of thoſe things that virtuous Souls abhorre,
Elſe ſure *Clorina* would not uſe me thus.
Phylo. To my own death to do you real Service
You may command me readily (my Lord):
But to entice me to advance my hand
Againſt your Life; Great *Jove*: and all the gods
(Whom we do reverence and fear) forbid.
Pyron, *Phylocles*, doſt thou love me?
Phylo. You know (my Lord) I do above my Life.
In our late wars when we did aid our Friends
The fortunate *Romans*, I attended you
And when your Horſe's Fall left you a Prey
Unto the barbarous Cruelty of the *Parthians*
I, careleſs of my life, ran to your Aide
And brought you off through many of their death.
Command me any thing, ſo you except
Your noble Life, and I will do it freely.
Pyron. Aſwell except you will not ſtirre a foot
To do your friend the greateſt favour for him;
Which with an eaſe, ſo eaſy as is walking,

You

You may perform.
Phylo. What would you have me do?
Pyron. Begon my *Phylocles*. Is this a day
For me to honour with my Life, wherein
Clorina slighting all my years of service
(Which I have paid to her with as great fervour
As any of our Priests adore the gods)
Will give away her self unto *Bassanes*?
Away my Friend, and let me dye.
Phylo. My Lord I will obey you on condition
That I may find you as I leave you, safe.
And (till I see you next) untouch't, and living.
I have some hope I may bring comfort with me,
Calm all these passions, and create a Joy
That may occasion triumphs in your heart
Pyron. Go then, my friend, and prosper; but be sure
Thou dost not trifle with me. Thou well knowst
The nature of *Pyrontus* is a verse
To suffering of abuses.
Phylo. I am gon
With hope to bring you comfort speedily. *Exit.*
Pyron. False Tyrant Love! I would I had thee here,
With thy own bow Ide shoot such passions in thee
As should be over-strong for thee to bear.
Fond Boy! Ide make thee doat on chaste *Diana*
And pluck thy Golden Feathers from thy Wings

To write with them Repentance to the world.
Which of the Fatall Sisters did provoke
Thee careless of mans happines, to do
Those bloody deeds which thou art famous for?
O that I knew her! And when I am dead
Ide pass the dreadful Waves of *Phlegeton*
But I would find her, and destroy her too.
Upon *Ixion's* wheele Ide torture her
Till with her bat'efull Cries she did awake
The Porter *Cerberus* from his drowsy den,
Then would I give her body unto him
And he should eat it, and she be forgot.
But, cruel Love, hadst thou bin kind to me
And equal fire raigned in *Clorina's* breast,
Not only in *Tomos*, but throughout all *Pontus*,
I would have raised Altars to thy praise:
Where night and day (whilst time makes Night, and day)
I would have had such Anthems carrol'd to thee
By happy Lovers; that, eternal Love
Should have wished himself to have been the god of love.

Enter Ovid, Phyocles, and Armelina.

Phylo, My Lord, the beautious Lady *Armelina*
Attended by the Poets Glory *Ovid*
By the Entreaty of the excellent Bride,
Are come to woo'e you to your life,

Pyron

Pyron. 'Tis a miraculous kindness, that the fair
Clorina on this solemn day affords me,
Had she but pleas'd t' have been so merciful
In former times, I had not drooped thus
Now all the City *Tomos* lays aside
Neglected Care, and puts on Jollity.
Madam! what is the pleasure of my Deity?
And thou full Soul of poetry (sweet *Ovid*)
What unimmagin'd harmony of Comfort
Bring you unto me?
Armel. My Lord! if that my sister
Still doth retain the east of power over you
By me she doth entreat you to continue
Among the living. By all the Love you have
Profes'd unto her, she conjures you t' bear
The Chances of this Day worthy your birth,
And all the noble Actions of your Life.
Ovid. It is an unbeseeming weakness in you
Degenerating from the former fulness
Of all your Honours all your immense knowledge
Of sage Philosophy, and of your self
Thus to captive your Reason, and become
Slave to the passions of an heart let loose
To the pursuit of barbarous Appetites.
Pyron. Sweet Armel! you whose every word
Strikes Musick through my ears unto my Soul;
You in your soft language have apparel'd
The Commands of my Goddess, must have powre.

To make me die continually by living
Ovid. Assume a better Courage, and contemn
These trifles, which you rashly deem Misfortunes.
My Lord, you are the Glory of this Country;
The Basis upon which not only *Tomos*,
But the Nobility of *Pontus*, build
Their Glories on instructed hitherto
By imitating You their great Example,
A little time may alter your Opinion
Of Beauty; you may chance to see ere long
Another Lady that may please you better:
And then this day you do account so miserable
You in your Kalender will mark a Festival.
Pyren. Peace gentle *Ovid*, this is blasphemy
Against the Divinity of her fair soul,
And that rich Heaven of happiness, her body:
Jove hath no Beauty, like her, on *Olympus*;
She's nature's Master-peice, and glorifies
This Angle of the world so, that I prize it
Above triumphant Rome, and all the Splendours
The Court of great *Tiberius* is renowned for:
Ovid. You shall orecome Me, so you will Yourself:
Say any thing (my Lord) and I will hear you;
Do any thing, and I will honour it;
So you forbear to trespass 'gainst your life.
Arnol. My Sister doth expect (if you have ever
Born reall affection to her) that you should

Return

Return her word by me, that you will looſe
This reſolution of ſelf-Murther, ſhe will
Love you as far as Honor will give leave,
Entertain welcomly your Company,
And converſation, whilſt you prove your ſelf
Delighted with her virtue And ſhe knows
The Lord *Baſſanes* will muſt joyfully
Continue you within the Catalogue
Of his Friends moſt belov'd, while you exceed not
The Limits of a canded Amity,
Nor attempt treaſon to her Nuptials.
Phylo. I ſee a Calmneſs in your looks (my Friend !)
Thanks (gratious Madam) for your pains ; And may
Thy *Roman* Gods reward this kindneſs (*Ovid*).
Yet he were ſavage that had ears ſo deafe,
And dull an Intellect, as not yeild
To your great Reaſon, and moſt eloquent Tongue,
Ovid. Your partial Love doth too much over-value
My poor Endeavours. Hark ! *Muſick within*
Armel. The Muſick doth
Invite as in; Pray, Glorify this Ceremony
With your fair preſence
Phylo. Hymen wils (my Lord)
Owe you a bleſſing for it.
Ovid. Light a more

Auſpicious Torch, and (for a Courteſy
So timely given) crown your more happy head
With future bliſs above your Hopes.
Pyron. Lead in. *Exeunt, Ovid,*
I'le but collect my ſelf, and follow you.
Amel. You will oblidge us all. *Armelina.*
Pyron. My Friend *Philocles!*
Philo. I am here my Lord. (here!
Pyron. Oh! how a thouſand paſſions combate
But which of them ſhall prove predominant
Commands (received from my fair, cruel Miſtriſs)
Already have determind. What ſtrange Miracles,
Great Deity of Love, are in thy power!
Affection prompts me to advance my hand,
And turn the Genial Bed into an Urne.
By ſetting this *Baſſanes* Soul at Liberty.
But I muſt needs recal this infant-thought:
Or an inglorious ſtain may fix upon
My Reputation. He was ever noble
In all his actions to me, and we
Have long ago contracted ſuch a friendſhip,
That it hath been look't on, as an Example
Worthy an Imitation. Beſides, he
Was never made acquainted with my Love.
He then is innocent of any Injury
Committed againſt me? and doth no more
Then I. The bright *Clorina* he affects
And ſo do I, and ſo muſt all the world
That are not blind, or ſenſeleſs when they ſee

His

His Starres befriend him: all those Eyes of Heaven
Did look a-squint at my Nativity:
And he hath far more merit to deserve her.
Come *Phyllocles*: she is my only Goddess
And I must quit me of profaneſs too
What she commands, strike no forbidden Blow.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Dacus, Cypassis, *and* Spinella.

Spi. Mother! Captain *Dacus* promis'd me a new Gown against the Masque: and hath not kept his word with me. I desire therefore I may be quit of his Company?

Dac. Pritty grumbling Heart! My Tenants are slow in paying their Rents, I else had not faild thee: But you are very fine as you are, *Venus* be thanked.

Spi. That's no cost of yours, I am the more beholding to another friend.

Dac. To whom? The Brides groom I warrant you *Spinella*,

Spi. Tis he indeed.

Cypas. The Lord *Eassanes* was ever her noble Patron.

Dac. But I hope she will looſe his bounty hereafter, *Cypassis*.

Spi-

Spi. Your Jealousy prompts you to talk thus.

Cypas. After honey-moon 's past, he may return to her again.

Spi. You shall become more liberaly, or I will shortly cashiere you from my Acquaintance. What do you think, we venture reputation for nothing but oathes, flattering words, and a little fooliſh pleasure.

Cypas. Indeed Son, a young Gentle-woman must be maintain'd with other Materials. If she goes not fine, and cleanly, she is not fit for good Company. And if she keeps never so little a while lo, and it comes to be known, she may bid farewell for ever to all her holidaies; The Honorable, and Worshipful will not care for her Embraces.

Dac. Are you againſt me too, mother? I had thought Madam *Cypasis* had had a greater kindness for me then so.

Cypas. Captain *Dacus*! You know I have much respected you from our first Acquaintance. But you must think of performing better with *Spinella* for the future. My poor Girle else, will not be able to live decently, in the fashion, unless she should live more common then I could wish.

Spinel. Mother, you shall not need to fear that: for I can be married when I will. And this Wedding of my dear old friend invites me much to take that Course. *Juno* direct me

to

to the best: for *Venus* (whom I have hitherto served) is but an ill Tutress.

Duc. Prithee, sweet *Spinella*, leave this melancholly Discourse. It sounds too unkindly, especially on a marriage day. We should now talk of Love, Maiden heads, Musick, Banquets, Maskques, and so forth.

Spinel. Captain *Ducus* I must confess, my Genius is towards mirth indeed: But you must not then give me cause of sorrow.

Cypas. The truth is, Captain, you must not be so close handed for the future. The Lord *Bassanes* being married, peradventure may turn foolishly uxorious: and then you must either get you better Tenants.

Spinel. Or a new Mistress.

Ducus. Still in this Key!

Cypas. What hath been done yet, hath been kept private. And so it concern'd all our Reputations. But (now I think better on it) it is your best way (*Spinella*) to take an Husband, if he be worth having.

Spinel. He can scarce be worse then this servants.

Ducus. Pretty one, afford me better words: For I dearly love thee. And (though I never made use of my Credit yet in that kind) I will take up a new Gown for thee to morrow; on that condition I may take it up as often as I will.

Spinel. Then you shall have leave to do your best, or worst.

Cypas.

Cypas. Agreed, agreed.
Tis well y' are come. *Enter Marullus.*

Spinel. He thought *Baſſanes* had forgotten us: but we meant (you ſee) to come unſent for.

Mar. You might have been welcome if you had: I ſhould have got you good places. But *Baſſanes* is a Gentleman for his word, and hath ſent me to conduct you accordingly.

Spinel. I thank his Bridegroom-ſhip.

Mar. You are angry (I warrant you, that he's married.

Spinel. Not I, *Venus* bear me record: Much good do him with his freſh meat. He will be weary of it no doubt ere long, as he hath been with Others: ſo you may tell him, *Marullus*.

Mar. And then you hope for him again?

Cypaſ. *Juno*, and *Diana* defend. I dare ſwear ſhe hath no ſuch thoughts.

Dacus. So durſt not I.

Mar. Nor I,

Spinel. I care not what you ſay, you are both minded to jeſt with me. But is not the young *Phabianus* returned from *Rome* againſt theſe ſolemnites?

Mar. *Pyrontus* writ for him.

Cypaſ. Tis marvaile *Baſſanes* would not ſtay for his Arrival

Spinel. No wonder at all: All men ſo mad of a new face when they can get it.

Cypaſ. Though often they leave a better for it.

Dacus

Dacus, Well ſaid, Mother: thou ſpeakeſt Oracles, old *Cypaſsis*!

Mar. With ſome regret. This marriage is not yet digeſted by them in earneſt, I muſt entreat you to be ware of your behaviours. You are deſired to pretend no Acquaintance to the Bridegroom These ſlips of youth are fit to be conceal'd

Spinel. Or *Clorina* may grow jealous.

Mar. Tis good preventing the worſt: tis time we walk. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Scena Tertia.

Loud Muſick: Then Enter, Pyrontus Baſſanes, Phylocles, Ovid, Clorina, Armelina.

Baſſanes. Welcom for ever to my hand, *Clorina*,
Who long haſt been the Regent of my heart.
This day hath made me Owner of ſuch Riches,
(The Mine of Joys in my delicious Bride)
That I our mightieſt Kings do not envy
Why do's my deareſt bluſh? Becauſe thy modeſty
Doth ſee ſo many beauties here Inferior
To thy ſupremeſt one! But bluſh on faireſt,
Like to a ſetting Sun, at the approach
Of this ſo long'd for Night, thats to determine

Your

Your Virgin Honour.
Clor. Now you make me bluſh
Indeed my Lord.
Pyron. I wiſh you (Madam) a Life ſo circled in
With joy, that you may never breath a ſigh:
And (when you ſhall grow weary of the Earth)
Become *Jove's* Dotage and be Queen of Heaven.
Clor. My Lord *Pyrontus.* I return you thanks:
And hope th' immortal gods will recompenſe
This kindneſs, with an happineſs tranſcending
What ever yet y[illegible] could deſire.
Ovid. May Heaven
Propitiouſly ſmile on you with all thoſe
Bright eies that do enlighten Night and Day.
Arun. I did not think this City could have ſhown.
A Multitude ſo gallant of both Sexes.
Baſſa. They come (I thank them) to grace our Nuptials.
Phyloc. They come no doubt to ſee and to be ſeen.

Enter Marulius, Dacus, Cypaſſis, Spinelia.

Mar. Hymen be prais'd, we are come in time
Cypaſ. *Venus*, bleſs mine eyes! what a fine ſhew is here?

Spin.

Spin. Indeed (Captain *Dacus*) you have endeared me much
We are beholding to your lusty Shoulders,
That made a Pritty Lane through all the Croud,
Dacus My best of strength shall evermore attend.
To do you service
Mar. Here let us keep together
This is the best Room that is left. Pray tell me
How do ye like the Bird ? Do not her eies
Dart subtile rayes, such as may kindle fires
Within the breasts of all mankind ?
Spin. I do not know how some may love heart-burning,
Cypas. It is a Pretty Lady, but I have seen
Some faces that have seemd as well.
Mar. O Envy ! Madam *Cypassis*, where beseech you ?
Dacus. I hope *Spinella* would be loth enough
To change with her.
Spinel. I am not yet aweary
Of mine own.
Naso. It doth grow late, and time they did begin
Ovid. They only waited your Commands.
Mar. That,s *Publius Ovidius Naso*, the Chief Poet
Not only of *Rome*, but all the mighty Empire.
Cypas. I know him well enough, and was acquainted

Many

Many years with him, ere I saw this Country.
Ovid. May musick bring
Some Deities from *Olympus*-top, to grace
This Night's solemnities. The mask.
The Maskers all attir'd according to the Fancies of the Ancient Poets.

After a flourish of loud Musick
Enter Hymen, Cupid, *and* Venus *singing.*

Ven. I Vnil'd with eies, that darted rayes
Of sweet desire on either's face.
Cupid. And I such shafts did put in ure
As only they themselves could cure.
Hym. And I Loves best Physitian quickly found;
Each others hand might heal each others wound.
Ven. May they dissolve in love, yet prove
No Diminution by their love,
Cup. May they their fears and pains requite,
And spend (in such revenge) this night.
Hym. VVhat ere they do, they may with ardent zeal.
For they have Licence under my great Seal.

Enter Mercury.

Merc. *Jove* hath commanded me to let you know.

You

You shall not want a grace that Heaven can
show.
By virtue therefore of my sacred Wand
Juno, and *pallas*, hither I command,
That they (with *Venus*) may again contest,
To whom belongs the Golden Apple best.
And *Paris* (by my *Caduceus* Power),
I charge to come from thy *Elysium* Bower.
Now let thy doom meet the just will of *Jove*
And thou shalt feast with Deities above,
Forgo thy solitary shades, and sit
A judg upon *Olympus* for thy wit.

Enter Juno, *and* Pallas.

Pallas. Wherefore are we thus summond to
appear
To humain view? and to these Mortals here?
Juno. I hope *Jove* now will not disturb our
Raign,
And fall in love with women kind again.
Pallas. Surely long since (Queen of the Dei-
ties)
He did abandon terrene vanities,
Juno. Daughter, he swore (by *Styx*) to me
himself,
he would for ever leave all amorous stealth:
Yet *Juno* cannot but suspect the worse,
He once so long continu'd such a Course.
Pallas. *Pallas* hath often blush'd to hear *Mars*
tell,

Following his Fathers steps he did but well.
My brother was too blame.

Juno. Alas! my son
Gloried to imitate what *Jove* had done.
Your sister *Venus* was an handsome Child.

Pallas. And *Mavis* (when he was young) was very wild.

Mercy. Saturnia, needless I do know your fear,
Had *Jove* meant so, he'd not have met you here.
Paris is slow in his Approach. Sure some
Fine Dreams have fix'd him in *Elizium*.
Again I must command him to appear.

Enter Paris

Paris. You need not (*Maia's* Sons) for I am here.
I had not made such day, but was in talk
With my fair Queen in a delicious walk,
Where *Agamemnon*, and the *Spartan* King,
And all those many Princes they did bring
To fight for the Revenge of that fam'd Rape,
Did laugh at our Discourse, not envy at.
Thrice happy are those Shades, where none do bear
Those Passions that so tyrannize it here.
The *Grecian* Chieftains have a thousand times,
Curs'd their own rage, that crost us in our Crimes:

For

For when their wiser souls were loosned from
Their Bodies (forc'd unto *Elizium*
By voilent deaths) and clearly understood,
Those follies they had sealed with their blood.
Amazement ceas'd upon them all Our Troy,
(Which that so fatall Quarrell did destroy)
Had flourish'd still in *pompe*, All they and we
Had liv'd in peace and in Felicity.
And died in our own beds, had they been blest
T'have had those thoughts wherewith th'are
now possest.
We are not jealous in those plains of Bliss:
They for fruition care not there, that kiss
Hellen of Greece, and I (with our dispight
To *Menalaus* self) take what Delight,
Pleaseth us there the most. Every one there,
Sleights those things most they doted upon
here.
Our Bodies being compos'd of Elements
Incline Mankind to seek to please the sense.
But there our Spirits (being confin'd)
Strive at the satisfaction of the mind.
Though Souls embrace, They Organs want,
and Places:
To raise a jealousy at their embraces:
We at our old Amours do often laugh.
Merc. Then you was in discourse, which I
broke off?
Paris. No matter (*Mercury*) 'tis fit I pay
My duty unto *Jove*, and him obey:

What therefore is his will that I may soon
Submit to his Inevitable doom.
Mercu. You must again an Umpire be, and tell
(In Beauty) which of these doth most excell.
Paris. My Judgment I have given once and why
Should that again to my discussion lye?
Mercu. 'Tis *Jove's* Decree. And he (if you refrain)
Will make you Subject unto *Pluto's* Reign,
From the *Elizium* Plains remove you quite,
And cast you into an eternall night,
(Instead of *Helen's* voice) where evermore
You shall hear *Cerberus* bark, *Cocytus* rore,
And dreadfull *Phlegeton* (with horrid Noise)
Torment your ears, as darkness shall your eyes.
Paris. I must submit.
Mercu. Here take this golden Ball,
And give't her that's hardest of them all.
Paris. That (in my Opinion) doom aright:
But wish that *Jove* had chose some other wight.
But the last time these goddesses employ'd
Me in this kind, it was on Sacred Ide.
Why therefore here, in so remote a Town,
And countries, so far distant from mine own,
Mercu. Cast but your eies about this Crouded place,
And you may judge, it is to do a Grace
To some in this fair company.
Hymen. To day,

That generous youthfull Pair became my Prey.
Cupid. But they had never been your Captives bound,
If I had not compe'd them by a wound.
Merc. *Jupiter* (to do honor to this Night)
Hath summond these t' appear to humain sight:
And hath commanded you (before this Throng)
To give that Apple where't doth most belongs:
Be well advis'd (after exact Survey)
How you dispose the golden Fruit away.
Paris. Prime goddesses of the Olympick Court,
That *Troy* grace again with your Resort.
I on my knees beg leave, that what I doth
For One, may not offend the other Two:
Because our Poets have profes'd that we
Have been afflicted for my first decree;
For thence two of you did our foes become,
And hastned on the Sack of *Ilium*.
I must obey Imperious *Jove's* Command,
Venus, And we to thy Arbitriment will stand.
Juno, I do protest (by all my Rule above)
I'le not be angry how soe're It prove.
Pallas And, *Priams* son I will be nothing stird
Or discontent, if others be prefer'd.
Paris. Having implor'd your Mercies, Now I fall
To look to whom belongs the Golden Ball.
Juno hath sweet black eies, *Pallas* fine hair,
Venus is just proportion'd wondrous fair.

As I have done before, again I must,
Venus. The Ball's thine; And my judgment just. *Gives it to her.*
Juno. To tax thy Doom, were but a needless shift.
Pallas. Nor do we envy her the petty gift.
Venus. To show there is no falling out Lets all Fall in, and dance (before this Pair) a Ball.
Juno. You and I (*Trojan* Prince) will lead this sport
Juno. You have been famous for, in *Priam's* Court.
Paris. Supremest goddess, you a Grace conferre
Too high, upon your humble Honorer.
Juno. Hymen, Cupid, and *Maia's* son, advance;
Let's show these Mortals an Olympick Dance.
All the Maskers dance.

After a Flourish of Solemn loud Musick,
Enter Jupiter.

Mars. The King of gods and men! Haile, thundring *Jove!*
Pallas Why hath my Father left his Throne above?
Jupiter. Perceiving *Venus,* and her wanton Son,
(To do some service) were by *Hymen* won
From my star-payed Court, and looking down
Upon

Upon the world and (in it) on this Town,
I soon espide the business. Therefore straight
Summond you both to meet (this Nuptiall
night)
My daughter *Venus* here, that we might do,
A Grace divine unto these happy two.
How *Paris* hath bestow'd the Ball, I've seen:
But give it me again (you amorous Queen
Of *Cyprus*) Ithereafter must not be
A Trophy to the *Paphian* Diety.

Ven. Great *Jupiter*, I yield to thy Command

Jupi. And thus gives it t' a more beauti ous hand. *Gives it Clorina.*

Here may you flourish long in bliss, and when
You weary grow of the abodes of men,
I'le fix you both (t' amaze all humane eies,)
A glorious Constellation in the skies.
Pallas and *Venus* do not take offence,
For she is a superior Excellence,
And frown not *Juno*, I no more will make
Converse with Mortals, for thy Quiet's sake.
Hadst thou thus given the Golden Ball, I had *Speaks to Paris.*
Made thee Companion unto *Ganimed*.
Take hands, and dance, whilst our attentive cares
Do guide our feet, to musick of the spheares.

They dance the second Dance.

A Song.

Hymen. Bleſt, and beſt Pair make haſte to bed,
The Bride ſtill owes her Maiden-head.
Cupid. There you can only find a Balm,
The feſtring of my Darts to calm
Venus. And Youth, and Beauty may delight,
In all Joyes of a Nuptiall night.
Chorus. There when you ſhall be left alone,
and Kiſs,
You need not envy to the gods, their
Bliſs.

Jupiter. 'Tis time we leave theſe to a new Delight,
And therefore *Jove* himſelf doth bid good night.
Exeunt Maskers.
Baſſanes. Let us to bed, my Dear: I long to loſe,
My ſelf in thy Embraces. Gentle *Ovid*,
The bright *Clorina*, and my ſelf ſhall owe,
All power we have to ſerve you to the utmoſt:
And may propitious Heaven encline great *Cæſar*,
To look with gratious eies, on your Misfortunes.
Ovid. You both vouchſafe too much of honour to me,
If you forgive the rudeneſs of my Muſe.

Pyron.

Pyron. I find my self extreamly ill o'th ſoddain
And muſt not be ſo barbarous t'interrupt
(Watch any ſign of ſickneſs) the Felicities
Of this Bleſ'd Company: Good night to all.
Farewell my Lord, The happieſt of mankind:
Clarina too goodnight, ——— you moſt unkind.

Exeunt Baſſanes, Ovid, Clorina, Armelina.

Marull. Captain I do commit to your Conduct
Madam *Cypaſſis*, and her pritty daughter.
I muſt go help the Groom to bed, and ſee
The Bride to taſte her laſt Virginity poſſet.

Exit Marullus.

Dacus. I ſhall becare full of my charge. *Spinetho.*
I had rather have ſpent my time in bed with thee,
Then have been at this Maskque.
Spin. So had not I with you.
Dacus. I know you jeſt my litle Rogue.
Cypaſ. *Juno* was of a demure look, and had a grave behaviour.
Dacus. *Pallas* had a ſmart caſt with her eyes,
I warrant you ſhe beat
Her husband if ſhe were ever Married,
Spin. *Venus* indeed was the hanſomeſt of them all.
Dacus. But you are hanſomer then ſhe my pritty One. *Exeunt. Dac. Cyp. Spin.*
Phyloe. Tis very late and time to haſten home.

How

How is it with Noble Lord *Pyronus*.

Pyr. I am undone (my *Philocles*) for ever.
And have too rashly yielded to this Match.
I should have challenged my friend *Bassanes*,
If he would not have given up his interest:
And (by his fall) rays'd up my self some hope,
Or lost her bravely with my life together.

Phyl. My Lord for Heavens sake, cast aside such Thoughts
And (to your Aide) call generous Patience.

Pyron. The Cowards virtue ! O the Multitude
Of those grand joyes *Bassanes* is possest of
By this Conjugall knot ! And oh the Myriads
Of Miseries, my poor life is to wade through
By her severe Command ! were I the mighty
Tiberius, and (o're the conquer'd world)
Bore Soveraignty, the Empire I should sleight,
And give't *Bassanes* for his Room to night.

Exeunt Ambo.

Actus

Actus Secundi, Scena Prima.

Enter Captain Hannibal, Cacala, *and* Caralinda, Floretta.

Hani. FRom *Ostia*, we have had a voyage hither,
So fraught with Storms, and Tempests that I wonder
The Sea gods
Caoala. The Sea-Monsters call them rather.
Han. Were not all tired with using so much Rage
On us: And yet you (Beautious *Caralinda*)
Seem'd fearless of the Furies of the Ocean.
Dreadless of thunder and lightning? whil'st my man
This Rascall *Cacala* did nothing but shit,
And spew, and pray; when there was such a Noise,
(Betwixt the Mariners voyces, and the Elements,)
That *Neptune* could not hear the timorous villain.
Caca. Sir, I did love you well: you have been bountifull
On all Occasions to me, I else should never

Have

Have left my Native Country pleasant *Italy*;
T' have undergone a voluntary Exile.
But had I ever dreamt on such a Passage,
Such Thunders, Whirlewinds, and such horrible Tempests,
I would have taken leave to stay in *Rome*.
Han. Although *Floretta* sometimes wept for fear.
She did not baul, and whine like thee.
Cac. No Matter.
She do's not know how pretious a Thing life is.
Flor. Surely I do; but well enough imagin'd,
That such ungovern'd Out-cries might disturb
The Company, yet not incline the gods
The sooner to deliver us from drowning.
Caval. Intruth, *Cacala*, your fear was often times
So full of noise, the Mariners could not hear,
Their own voyce to attend their necessaries;
But, you perhaps are valianter at Land.
Han. He's every where a Coward *Cavalinda*
Cac. I would confute you (Sir,) with all my heart,
If you, and Mistress *Floretta* would consent to't:
Were I in bed with her, Ide prove my self,
As valiant as the proudest Captain living.
Han. How now you, saucy Rogue
Flor. He talkes most wickedly.
Cac. I had rather do.

Flor.

Flor. You must go look a Mate then.

Caral. Where do you mean to lye in *Town*, Captain?
Good Lodgings here, I think are somewhat rare.

Han. As soon as we came to Town I dispatch'd *Cacala*,
T' enquire out one Madam *Cypallis*, A Gentlewoman,
Of my Acquaintance in my very youth, she was
A Servant once unto the Princess *Julia*.

Caral. You rather should say, T' *Ovid's* fam'd *Corinna*.

Han. By your fair leave, I know I speak a Truth,
And were not *Ovid* timerous he'd confess,
He *Julia* veild under *Corinna's* Name.
Cacala hath taken me Lodgings at *Cypallis*.
Where you may hear of your humble Servant *Hannibal*.

Caral. And do's *Floretta* lye there also?

Han. Yes marry,
Venus defend else.

Caral. Then you do resolve.
(It seems) to make it wedding on't.

Han. By no means; Madam, Neither pretty *Floretta*,
Nor I, are yet such fools, to slight our Liberties,
Whilst we like one another we'l keep together,
And

And when we grow a weary we may part.
The world hath other men and women enough
And we are both of us yet ignorant,
How soon we may affect variety.
Caca. But, fear you not the gods? Are they
well pleas'd,
Think you with such a life?
Cacala. My Captain never
Fear'd any thing. And for Mistris *Floretta*
What Man could do to her, she never dreaded;
But how her Courage stands towards the gods,
I cannot say.
Flor. You say too much, *Cacala*: And must
learn manners,
Or I must pray the Captain to bestow
A Cudgell on you.
Cacala. Sure his valour scorns
Such mean employment; He disdains to touch
A weapon that's beneath a sword, or ponyard.
My noble Captain ever was accustom'd
To give me leave to jeer.
Han. But you must know,
Your distance to *Floretta*
Caca. I know it but too well,
And alwaies am more distant then I would be.
Carat. But, Captain ide advise you both to
marry,
It is a life that is more honorable.
Cacala. You are deceived (Madam *Caralinda*)

Our

Our *Roman* Captains think there is more honour
In keeping wenches, then in Marriage.
Han. Out upon Wedlock: I had rather hear
Alarums at Midnight then the Multitude
To haul *Thalassio* at a Nuptials.
Caval. Y' are a mad Captain, *Hannibal.*
Han. I acknowledge it,
And we're had else, been banisht into *Persia.*
But where abouts in this town (*Cavalinda*)
Do you intend to make abode
Caval. At *Publius Ovidius Naso's*;
I writ to him from *Rome*, t' entreat that Courtesie,
And he return'd me thither word (by Letter)
I should be welcome. I have sent my servants
Thither to prepare for me, and to bid
His company there, that he may be my guide
Unto his house.
Han. Were *Ovid* in his Youth
He would be glad of such a Purchase (Lady,)
Y' are of a tempting beauty. He had fain'd
Equal unto his to renowned *Corinna.*
Had he been then acquainted with your Excellencies.
Caval. You shame me Captain *Hannibal.* I am
So conscious of my own deformities,

That

That I (than (all I may) shun publick view
Besides I know the Noble Poet hath
Subdued his Passions, and is now become
As rigid in his behaviour, as the gravest
Of all the ancient Philosophers.

Cacala. These women such Discourse affect as if
They were once *Vesta*-Nuns, but they that do
Give credit to them, are of a Belief
That is not in my Creed.

Caral. You must have leave,
To talk: know likewise Captain
Enjoy'd the generous *Ovid* his prime youth,
And Flourished again in his own house,
(Adjoyning unto our triumphant Capitol)
I should choose to live with him, I do prize him
As the supreme wit of the Empire.
Whose Conversation ever was admired
Besides, I dare presume on my own temper,
I fear not the Temptations of all mankind,
And such Averseness have to all that Sex,
That here, (in presence of the immortal gods)
I vow (in that kind) never man shall touch me.

Cacala. For all your Confidence in your own Chastity,
(I speak it with a reverence to your merit)
Beware of the old Game, and of the Consequence;
Known commonly by the name, of *Great-Belly.*

Caral.

Caral. My Life (through all my Actions) shall vindicate
My Reputation spot less.
Han. Your Beauties, and unequa'd Qualities are
Too potent charms for frail mankind to know,
And not be conquer'd, by so many wonders.
Gaca. Besides her Cloathes would set ones teeth on edge.
Flor. On Shipbord she went in an homelier habit.
Caral. The meanest Cloathes will serve at Sea for women:
Captains in *Tyrain* dy'd Habiliments,
And with their divers-coloured Plumes should flourish,
At all times in all Places to beget
Awe, and Respect, from those they do converse with.
Han. Fair *Caralinda*, You speak Oracles:
The Hearts of all the *Getes* here, must do Homage
To your unparallel'd perfections:
They will not only own you for most beautifull,
But the chief femal Gallant of the Province.

Enter Ovid,

Caral. Your Prayſes ſo tranſcend, they make me bluſh.
Ovid. Welcome my ſweeteſt Coſen *Caralinda.*
May all the gods of Seas and winds be prays'd,
For your Arrivall in this Country ſafely.
Caral. Thanks, generous *Ovid*, I rejoyce to ſee
The wonder of the *Roman* Empire living.
Ovid. Oh ſpare to overvalue ſo your ſervant,
A ſerious Adorer of your virtues:
Admire only you have found me breathing,
After ſo many years here in Exilement.
Han. Madam, becauſe we ſee you in that Company
We know you have an honor for, and who will
Conduct you to your Lodgings, we will preſs
No further on your Privacies, But take
Our leave for this Time. May both gods, and men
Bear Hatred to *Tiberius*, un till he
Repeal the gentle *Ovid*. When we next
Do meet, we will converſe at large. May *Jove*,
Juno, *Pallas*, and the whole Court of Deities,
Be evermore auſpicious to you both.
Caral. Alſo to me. Maſter, and to *Floretta*:
What ere we do, I'de have the gods be merciſull.

Exeunt, Han. Flor. Cac. Cara.

Caral. I need not hope I ſhall be ſafe, but be
ſecure I ſhall be ſo, while I comtinue in
Your houſe.
Ovid. You (Madam) to your ſelf ſhall promiſe
All privacy you can deſire: you are
As ſecret as you were not in the world,
Although your Native City you inhabite,
Your name ſhall not eſcape my lips. But why
(if with an offence I may demand it)
Affect you ſuch concealment, now eſpecially
When all your friends would be ſo proud to
ſee you,
And in this time of publick joy?
Caral. Hereafter,
At better leaſure il'e acquaint you with
My very ſoul, in all Particulars.
Ovid, I will await your time. But when you
left.
The world's great Head, happy and flouriſhing
Rome,
How was *Tiberius* mov'd by the Intreaties
Of my dear wife, and ſome few reall friends,
That my Repeal ſollicited?
Caral. Your virtuous wife and many conſtant
friends,
Have not evaded any opportunity
In your behalf. And (though they have not
yet,
Effected their deſires in that Concern)

They do not dispaire of prosperous success
Ovid. I have two powerfull enemies I believe,
And such who block up (with their imputations)
All wayes of mercy. And yet they are men,
I cannot accuse my self for ever injuring.
Caral. You alwaies was too noble to do wrongs,
Ovid. Even he that hath that cruelty of heart,
To tempt the wife of a poor banisht-Man,
(Amidst her sighs and tears for my misfortunes)
Makes use of all the mighty Imtereſt
He hath with *Cæsar*, still to fix me here.
Pardon my passion, ye Just gods, if I
Do wish one day you will requite the Mischiefs
Of *Cornificius*.
Caral. Your wife could make good Mirth with his Affection,
Were not her heart so sad for your long Banishment.
Ovid Some of my Griefes I have flung on him under
The counterfeit Name of *Ibis*.
Caral. Those Curses he richly deserves, Our sacred
Empress the sweet condition'd *Julia*,
Hath from the Island *Trimerus*, (where she
Hath liv'd confin'd about these twenty years)
Writ

Writ to him oft in your Behalf. But she
(Although she brought to him the world in Dowry)
Could not prevaile.
Ovid. She grac'd too much an Exile.
Caral. But had much reason to solicite throughly,
She being believ'd to be the fair *Corinna*,
Whom in your Poems you have celebrated.
Ovid. I pray you think not so: you wrong her virtues,
Of which I only was a true Adorer.
Cara. Though you deny it ne're so much, a Many,
And of the nobler sort, beleive it otherwise
Droop not best Poet; but Courage.
Ovid. Alas.
My hopes sunk with *Augustus* to the Grave
And here my aged bones must find an Urne,
Will you not see the Bridall house, although
In this disguise, and sure to be unknown?
Caral. I all those Inclinations must suppress:
It is the will of Heaven, and not mine own,
Tis time we walk.
Ovid. I'm ready to attend you. *Exeunt.*

Scena secunda.

Enter Pyrontus solus,

Pyron. This sweet and solitary Grove (adjoyning
To your citie's walls) I have made Choice to vent
My sorrows in: This Place that many times
Clorina's smiling eies have graced more,
Then *Phœbus* with his beams could ever do.
Happy you Trees, whose roots received vigour
From the life-giving virtue of her looks;
And you sweet Birds that choose this shady place,
To warble forth your various notes were blest,
To learn new Aires from bright *Clorina's* voice:
And all those Beasts are fortunate, that here
Enjoy the cooll shades, and the Crystall springs,
The waters and the grass receiving virtue
(From her rich presence) towards their ease, and nourishment
Even all th' Inhabitants of *Temos* choose
This place to recreate their minds withall:
Pan, *Faunus*, *Satyres*, and the *Dryades*
Have not afforded me so good success
Wherefo e alas! thus do I vainly taxe

The

The rurall gods? *Clorina* is my foe,
Else I had been as happy as *Bassanes*,
Who is the most blest man of all the Empire;
And that unparallel'd Beauty doth enjoy,
Whose Loss must perpetually lament;
Whose Loss must sit so neer unto my Soul,
The world will want a Cure to make me whole.

Enter Cypassis,

Cypas. Thanks to These Trees auspicious shades whereby
I, undiscover'd, have been made partaker
Of Lord *Pyrontus* Love unto the Bride,
I will observe (with all the curious search
I may) what progress he intends to make,
And hope I shall raise motives to withdraw
Bassanes from the dotage on his wife,
And fix his heart again upon *Spinella*.

Enter Pyrontus, *and* Philocles.

Philo. I have been searching for you long
Cypas. Tis best I do retire, where unperceiv'd
I their discourse may over hear.
Philo. You should not
Give such a Liberty to your Melancholy,
Nor take delight in solitary walks.
My Lord *Pyrontus* in your early youth. You

You was instructed (by the ablest Masters
That famous *Athens* or triumphant *Rome*
Could glory in) in all the Principles
Of grave Philosophy, reflect upon them
And raise your self thence strengh to conquer these
Unruly passions.

Pyron. My dear *Philocles*,
Tis very easy for a man to give
That counsell to his friend, he could not follow
Himself, were he in his condition;
I want a Power to preform't The world
Cannot afford me means: I must enjoy
Clorina, or I utterly am lost.
And therefore (though *Bassanes* is my Friend,)
My Amity cannot enjoyn me silence
I must pursue my suit, and will.

Philo. Take heed:
You then will run a course against all Virtue,
Offend the sacred Deities, whom we
Are bound by strictest Obligations,
To observe in all they have commanded us.

Pyron. But they are merciful, and will forgive

Philo. But tis inglorious to commit a Crime
Out of presumption of a pardon; and
Your breach of friend-ship, all mankind will censure
An Act degenerating from true Nobility

Pyron.

Pyron. These Moralls (*Philocles*) are cast away
On me, who am so overwhelm'd in love,
I have not Reason left to practise them.
Philo. But you will have sufficient if you would
Take up a Resolution to withstand
This dangerous passion.
Pyron. Tis in vain to preach
These things to me: I must enjoy *Clorina*,
Or leave you friend for ever, I shall dye.
Philoc. How this untoward Love destroyes your sense!
Pyron There is not Oratory enough on earth,
To win me from the Pursuit of my love,
One way or other I must get *Clorina*:
And to invent a Means to compass her,
Shall be my only study; and if I prove
So fortunate as to accomplish that,
I shall account my self a Favorite,
The most esteemed of by the Gods.
Philo. Fiends rather.
Pyron. Then I shall find there is a Fate attends
On Lovers; Harsh Beginnings, happy Ends.
Exit Pyronus
Philo. I will not give him over thus, but follow him
And though I have small Hopes I shall prevaile
Yet I (in Friendship) am oblig'd to do
My best to stop him in this vitious Course.
O brave *Pyronus*! How hath impious Love
Abus'd thy Reason with this mighty Dotage!

He

He that hath been the Glory of this Province,
Will make himself, this way, the shame and
scandall, *Exit Philocles*

Cypassis *discloseth her self.*

Cypassis. is he so hotly set that none beside,
The Bride can satisfy his luxurie!
This shall *Bassanes* know. Now will I work
With all the treacherous Arts I'm Mistris of,
To raise a Discord in their Marriage, she
Is made of Flesh and blood and may prove false,
Pyrontus. is resolved to Court her strongly,
A Gillant Gentleman, handsome as any,
Perfect in amorous Complements no doubt.
I wonder how he mist her, if he ever
Made it his business to obtain her favour.
I wish him good Success May this *Clorina*
Fall into his Embraces: Then my Girle
Spinella it is likely may arise
Into her former Favour with *Bassanes*,
Hee's rich, and bountifull; And such are welcome
Unto young Women? who will loose no time,
And love to live in Flourish of the Fashion,

Enter Bassanes.

Bassanes. I like this marriage well, For now I led

My

My Life in favour of our best of gods.
I have liv'd loosely long enough, and paid
My services to *Venus*, and wild *Priapus*.
Juno will now befriend me, sure, and *Hymen*
Rain blessings on my head, and Family.
Cypassis. Good day, my Lord *Bassanes* ! what alone ?
Can you so soon deprive your self of the
Fair Sun-shine of your bright *Clorina's* eies?
Find in your heart to be out of her Company?
Bassanes. I must not be a shadow to my wife,
Nor she to me: we must not evermore
Follow each other; so our Loves might prove
Troublesome to our selves. But say, *Cypassis*,
What business brought you hither? Is't for health's sake
That you are come to walk, and take the Aire:
Or out of hope to meet me here, to tell me ?
Fictitious stories of *Spinella's* Love
To me?
Cypassis. I had not any such intention:
Affection to the Groves, and a desire
To exercise my self a while in walking,
Did bring me hither. But I've lost my labour,
And (as you came) was a returning home.
Bassanes. This is a Riddle, Who could hinder
You from walking?
Cypassis. My own Curiosity,
I have been listning to the saddest speech,
That ever yet did pass a Lover's lips.

Bassanes.

Baſſanes. Prethee *Cypaſſis*, Who had the ill Fortune,
To vent his Sorrows in thy hearing?
Cypaſſis. A friend
Of yours: But 'tis no matter who, you are
In a condition of ſuch Happineſs
That it would be an incivility in me,
To cauſe the leaſt ſad thoughts in you. Continue.
In mirth, and Jollity; And ſo, Farewel.
Baſſanes. I pray thee ſtay a while. I muſt confeſs
I have a curioſity to know,
Who this is that you call a friend of mine
Who can be ſad now I am grown ſo happy.
Cypaſſis. My Lord *Baſſanes*! I muſt crave your pardon,
Secrets of Love you know ſhould be conceal'd.
Baſſanes. I am no Common Brother.
Cypaſſis. For old Acquaintance ſake I cannot chooſe,
But tell you any thing you ſhall requeſt.
Baſſanes. I thank you. How doth fair *Spinella*? I
Should have enquired ſooner of her health,
But your diſcourſe drew me aſide from it.
Cypaſſis. Oh! how you flatter me. I eaſily can
Believe you have forgotten her for ever.
Baſſanes. You wrong our Friendſhip: Happineſs I wiſh her,
As much as you and ſhe can both deſire.

Cypaſſis

Cypassis. I'l tell her so, and so again Farewell.
Bassanes. Nay tell me (e're you go) what Friend of mine
Is grown so Amorous, and so passionate.
Cypassis. Since you will have me, think.
Bassanes. I cannot guess,
Cypassis. It is *Pyrontus.*
Bass. It may be so, yet he
Never reveal'd to me he was in love.
Cypassis. At that I make no wonder.
Bass. Whom should he
Be so enamour'd of?
Cypassis. *Clorina's* eyes
Have Beams enough a Province to enflame.
Bass. My wife!
Cypassis. The very same.
Bass. He surely then will stifle
His passion generously, and not attempt
The wife of his approved Friend.
Cypassis. You guess amiss, He is resolv'd to try
Her to the utmost. He's a proper Gentleman,
And (I believe) hath a prevailing language:
You may be civil to him, and be wary.
Bassanes. It is too likely. On our Marriage-night
He so abruptly did depart, he gave us
Not leasure enough to take our leaves; A signe
He wanted patience to look on my Joys.
Cypassis I thought he somewhat suddenly was gone
But Love's a passion not to be commanded.
Bassanes What was't he in your hearing said?
Cypasses. Alas! Enough

Enough : Too much. He doth deserve our pitty,
Philocles. did surprise him, and did use
His best perswasions to divert him from
So vain, and dangerous an Affection.
Bassanes. Come to particulars, my good *Cypassis*,
Conceal not from me any thing. The gods
Did guide you hither t' over-here him, Why
Stand you in such suspence?
Cypassis. Take heed, my Lord *Bassanes!* Oh, beware
Of Jealousy, Tis an accursed Fiend,
That otherwise your Quiet will molest,
Involve you in a Perpetuity
Of hideous *Chimera's*. Fair *Clorina*
Is innocent, and of a spotless virtue,
She is not accessary to his fault;
If to be beautifull be not a Crime.
Bassanes. I am not jealous; neither will be ever.
Cypassis. A Resolution worthy your great mind,
And worthy the Respects you ought to owe,
And pay, unto the virtues of your Lady.
Bassanes. I know her excellent body is enricht,
With so sublime a spirit, and so pure,
That Vice dares not approach her, thoughts, Be free
Therefore, and tell me all thou know'st.

Cypassis

Cypassis. You may command me; And I will conceal
Nothing from you
Bassanes. Good old *Cypassis* I thanks.

Exeunt Ambo,

Scena Tertia.

Enter Pyrontus, *and* Clorina.

Clorina. For shame (*Pyrontus*) cease to prosecute
A suit so much beneath your Honour, and
So prejudiciall to my Reputation:
I must not hear you.
Pyron. What a misery,
To be condemn'd to an eternall penury,
And be forbidden to complain! Fair, cruell
Clorina, do not so insult. Although
I am most wretched, it's in your power to make me
Happy, when you shall please to be but kind.
Clorina. I am not of a salvage nature, neither
Ever rejoyc'd at my bodie's Grief,
I wish you all content, and ever did
A wife superiour unto me in all things.
Sink not beneath this passion of your Love,
You under-valued evermore your merits,

To

To think of me in that way
Pyron. You abuse
The truest affection amorous heart did ever
Pay to his Mistris, if you think I can
Efface your image in my soul. The centre
Of this vast Globe we breath on, is not faster
Fix'd then your Beauties here: Here in my Bosome
They sit tryumphant. *Ætna* in its torrey-Entrals
Doth nourish lesser Flames: then burn me daily.
And yet you have no pitty for my sufferings.
Clorina. Alas! what would you have me make my self
A Beast, of such an horrid name I tremble
But to think of it? all the Gods forbid,
Would you have her, whom you have cast away
Some kindness on, become an Whore? My heart
Trembles to think upon't. And the swift Lightning
Of Blushes flies into my Cheeks. Me thinks
My tongue doth burn like fire within my Mouth
Since it did mention so abhord a name
Pyron. Will you then never think me worth your mercy
Shall the vain terrors of an empty name,

Condemn

Condemn me to a languishing life for ever.
Clorina. You gods are Witnesses, that know my thoughts,
I would not by the wrack of Chastity,
And proving to my marriage false, redeem
My self from the most cruel death that Tyrant
Did ever invent for his most hated enemy.
Pyron. More mercileſs than worſt of all thoſe Tyrants!
Can you refuſe a Courteſy to me,
Which my aſſiduous ſervices may plead for?
And ſuch an one, as can be never known,
Neither impoveriſh you in the leaſt degree?
Reflect upon my miſery, ſweet *Clorina*,
And imitate the gods in Mercy.
Clorina. Rather the Fiends, if I ſhould be ſo wicked.
The Lord *Pyronius*, whom I heretofore
Did look upon as a moſt noble Perſon, I
Accompliſh'd with the virtues) hath declar'd
Or Counterfeited himſelf an Atheiſt, to
Allure *Clorina* from her Purity.
The gods ſee every thing, Nature, nor Art,
Can any thing conceal from them. Thoughts which
Did never take the aire in words, to them
Diſcover'd lye: And is it not far worſe,
To have the gods to ſee our Crimes then men?
Could I prove guilty of ſo foul a fault,

I should impoverish my self to nothing;
A Bankrupt be in honor; which who wants
Is a companion fit for such wild people,
As never heard the name of virtue. Riches
Are Fortune's Trifles, neither altogether
To be despis'd, or doted on, but well us'd.
Poor Virtue is most rich. Virtue it self
Was (by the Ancients) held the greatest wealth.

Pyron. In your Discourse you are too much a Stoick:
Young Ladies hearts should not so utterly
Be void of all Compassion.

Clorina. I must leave you,

Pyron. Not without hope of Comfort, I beseech you,
Let me but taste of those sweet Delicacies
You cloy *Bassanes* with, if it be possible
He can be satiated with such delights.

Clorina. I trespass on my modesty to hear you. *Exit.*

Pyron. In a condition she so sad hath left me,
Joy is become an Exile from my heart:
To love and not be lov'd, is such a Curse
Jove (on his Foes) cannot inflict a worse. *Exit.*

Actus

Actus Tertii, Scena Prima.

Enter Ovid, *and* Caralinda.

Ovid. *Trasullus* is a great Aſtrologer,
In th' Mathematicks skilful to perfection:
For his profounder knowledge, the *Chaldeans*
Submit all to him.
Caral. Therefore I have reaſon,
More ſtrictly to obſerve th' advice he gave me,
And wait for the Accompliſhment of the Fortune,
Which he foretold me.
Ovid. But fair *Caralinda!*
I would not have you either be too ſcrupulous,
Or negligent. The skill which they pretend to
Hath but foundation upon Probabilities:
The glorious Planets may incline, but force not.
We have a Liberty within our ſelves:
Our wills are free, not ſlaves unto the Stars.
Caral. Though I believe you; I am ſo ſuperſtitious
I ſhall expect the Accompliſhment of his Propheſy.

Further Discourse of it I shall forbear now;
And choose a worthier subject for our talk,
Tell me (dear *OVID*) therefore how the Fair
Bride's Fairer sister doth enjoy her health?
I left her (when I went to Travail) like
Illustrious *Phœbus* rising in the Spring,
Without a Cloud about his Temples, promising
A bright day to the world. I left her in
Her early youth, but with so growing a Beauty,
That surely now 'tis able to work wonders.
Ovid. Indeed she is a Miracle of Perfection;
Nature hath prodigally bestow'd upon her
All her rich gifts: she is so fine a Virgin,
That I should wrong her to describe her Father.
Health dares not be so rude as to forsake her,
Nor sickness so uncivil to approach her.
Caral. You have deliver'd her to my Amazement:
But I did always look that she would prove,
The Glory of this Province for her Beauty.
Ovid. But *Armelina* hath besides a Soul,
Repleniſh'd so with goodness, and all virtue,
That were it lodg'd in any other body,
It would be lock'd up in a Cabinet,
Too mean for such a precious Jewel.
Caral. *Ovid!*

She

She is oblig'd to you for the rich Character
You have beſtow'd upon her.
Ovid. You miſtake me,
I cannot ſpeak her to her merit. You
Will think (when you ſhall ſee her) I have Injur'd her;
Her merits do ſo much exceed all Language.
Caral. We two have from our Childhood had a Friendſhip,
And ſhe will grace me to continue it;
If ſhe be ſuch an one, as you have ſpoke her.
Ovid. Ah! *Caralinda* I am grown too old,
To be a Flatterer.

Enter Armelina.

Here ſhe comes; and I
Appeal to your own eyes, to be my witneſs.
You grace me (*Armelina*) by this viſit.
You ſeem a Deity; And bring a Comfort
To any Place you honor with your Preſence.
Armelina. Duty obliges me to wait upon
A Perſon ſo Renowned as is *Ovid*,
One baniſh'd from his Friends, and Native Country
And (in his Age) confin'd to our poor City.
Ovid. You have a Charity equal to your Beauty.
This Lady is my Cozen, born at *Sulmo*;

The Place of my Nativity, you will honor me
To favour her with your Acquaintance, and
(As you hereafter shall approve of her)
With your fair Friendship too.
Armelina. The generous *Ovid*,
New Obligations layes upon me daily.
Ovid. My Kinswoman is your servant. *Caralinda!*
This Lady is the excellent *Armelina*
We were discoursing of; and I commending
(For who do's otherwise that speaks of her,
Doth sin against the greatest Truth on earth)
As she came in.
Armelina. Madam! I kiss your hand; And am ambitious
Of your acquaintance, and Affection.
So excellent a Kinswoman of *Ovids*
Must find my best Respects, and truest Love.
Caralina. Admirable *Armelina!* you are of
A Goodness so immense, that you may cast
Away of it on others an abundance,
And not impoverish your self at all.
Armelina. I wish
Pontus had any Person in it worthy
To be a Suitor to you for your love;
That here you might be married, and fix.
We would not lose such Graces you are Mistris of
Now we have seen you once. *Ovid* me thinks
Should

Should joy to have ſo great a Comfort near him,
And ſetled paſt the fear of Removal.
Caralina. Madam! my ſtay may prove much longer then
You do imagine. But let my occaſions
Prove how they can (you with your Curteſie,
Have won ſo on me) that without your leave
I'le not return.
Armelina. You are too gracious, and have ſo engag'd me,
I know not what to ſpeak or think.
Ovid. You ſaw,
I will believe (in *Rome*) one *Phœbianus*,
A Gentleman of this Country, and this City.
Caralina. I ſaw him oft. and know him very well,
For he was pleas'd t' afford his friendſhip to me.
Ovid. When thinks he of returning? he ſtays long,
Armelina. I can imagine he is ſo diſcreet,
That he had rather live in the Metropolis
Of all the world, than in a ſolitude,
Retir'd (in a manner) from the world,
Upon the Confines of the Empire here:
And to that purpoſe he hath mighty reaſon
To chooſe himſelf (among the *Roman* Ladies)
A Wife whoſe matchleſs Beauty ſhall have power,

To fix him there for ever.
Caral. By your fair leave,
Dear *Armelina*, I with confidence
Dare say he shortly will be here.
Armel. Why pray you?
Can he escape the *Roman* killing Beauties;
And slight so much his own full happiness,
As to return a Batcheler to *Tomos*,
And here take up with an inferiour woman
To be his wife. He hath too much discretion,
To be found guilty of so great a weakness.
Caral. You are a stranger it seems to his affection:
For he hath left his heart here. Divers times
he hath told me, he hath such a Mistris here,
That *Rome*, and all the World, doth want her equal:
That there is neither *Cæsar*, King, or Tetrarch,
But would elect her rather for his wife,
Then be an Emperour of the Universe,
And have all Mankind Loyal Subjects to him:
Ovid. Who should that Beauty be?
Armel. This Province, sure,
Hath none of so supream an Excellency,
As he to you hath intimated. Poets
Report that Love is blind: And if he choose
A wife in *Pontus* (after he hath seen
Those glorious Ladies in *Tiberius* Court)
He will too late (by his Experience) find
That he in his own choice was also blind.

Ovid.

Ovid. Do you not know her name he ſo affects?

Armel. He is an handſome Gantleman, and if
He comes not back debauched with the Luxuries
Of that proud City, nor infected with
The vices of it, He is a Perſonage
Of eminent virtues. Such he went from us;
And I ſhall hope he will come back untainted,
And be an honour to his Native Country.

Ovid. But ſtill my curioſity is unſatisfi'd,
What might her name be, he doth celebrate
With ſuch Encomiums?

Caral. Perhaps it might offend him if I ſhould
Reveal that ſecret.

Ovid. Do not think it, I
Believe (if he were here and I requir'd it)
He it from me would not conceal: And I
Dare paſs my word the Lady *Armelina*
Will be as private in't as you can wiſh.

Caral. Madam! I eaſily will beleeve, that you
Care not at all to hear it.

Armel. I dare not (in modeſty) be ſo inquiſitive,
Ladies would have their Loves conceal'd.

Ovid. Sweet *Cozen*!
Dear *Caralinda*, tell us who it is.

Caral. Sweet *Armelina*! I muſt needs obey,
'Tis

'Tis you that he affects.
Armelina. You jeſt with me, and he abuſes me,
To make me the ſubject of his mirth.
Caralina. I'm ſure
You are miſtaken much: He hath expreſt
Too great a Love for you, to be in jeſt.
Armelina. There may be other women of my Name,
For ought I know in *Tomos* or in *Pontus*.
Caralina. If you *Clorina's* Siſter are, 'tis you.
Armelina. You made me bluſh, A better choice I wiſh him.
Caralina. Were all the Beautiful Ladies in the world
Together, and among them, he might ſelect
Freely which he ſhould pleaſe, I know the vehemency
Of his Paſſion ſuch, he would take you:
And you are of an Excellency ſo unparallel'd
That he would wrong his Judgement, if he ſhould
Erre into any other Choice.
Armelina. You complement too much: you Flatter me.
Ovid. You do an injury to your mighty merits
Deſerve the Praiſe of all the world.
Armelina. Pray let us
Diſcourſe of ſomething elſe.

Ovid.

Ovid. Since you will have it so,
Let us withdraw; And taste a Glass
Of *Cretane* wine.
Caral. Dedicate one health
To *Phœbianus*, and his speedy Return.
Exeunt Omnes.

Actus Tertii, Scena secunda.

Enter Dacus, Cypassis, *and* Spinella.

Dacus. Now we are Friends again.
Cypassis. All very good Friends.
Dacus. *Spinella* too will smile upon me.
Spinella. Laugh at you also, when you deserve it.
Dacus. My wonderfull old Mother! Dear *Cypassis.*
You are grown merrier of late, and it
Becomes you well; makes you grow fat, and hold
The Relicts of your Beauty up together:
If there be any woman in the world
That doth remember the building of the Capitoll,
I dare pronounce 'tis you. I wish I had
But as much money as you have spent in Almanacks,
(Reckoning but one for a year) since you could make

make use of them; And I
Should be as rich as a Governor of a Province; And have Gold
Enough to make daily high Entertainments
Of the best Sweetmeats, and rich Grecian wines
For you, and my *Spinella*, and maintain her
In clothes beseeming one of *Cæsars* Family.

Cypassis. Well, well Captain *Dacus*: For all you make a jest at my Age, you would
Be very glad to live so long your self.

Spinel. I think there is small reason to imagine
He will arrive to such an Antiquity;
His Debaucheries will shorten his dayes. Besides
He is so quarrelsom, that 'tis a wonder
That he hath liv'd till now.

Dac. Pritty *Spinella*, you steer another Course;
Are tame enough, as Gentle as a Cad;
And he that gives you money cannot injure you.

Enter Hannibal, Cacala, *and* Floretta.

Spinella. You prate, you prate.

Hannibal. Is the meat ready yet?

Cacala. Whether it be or no, my stomach's ready for it.

Cypassis. It is; but we must stay for Lord *Bassanes*.

Han. Will he be here, *Cypassis*?

Cypas. Yes, and his friend *Marullus*.

Han. The more the merrier, my reverent Mo-

Cacala.

Cacala. But the fewer the better Cheer, I say.
Dacus. *Jove* save you, Captain *Hannibal.* And *Venus*,
Delicate *Floretta*, smile upon you always.
Han. *Mars* (Captain *Dacus*) be thy Friend,
and Victory
Sit on thy swords point, when thou go'st to battail.
Caca. If Victory be of any weight, he had better
Carry her behind him on horse-back through the Field.
Floret. You look, *Spinella*, very well to day, are neatly attir'd.
You meet with wealthy Servants, else you could
Not go so richly clad.
Spinel. You wear as good Clothes as I, which makes me conclude that
Captain *Hannibal* is of a wealthy Fortune.
Floret. His sword hath been his money; 'Tis it that hath
Purchas'd him an Estate sufficient,
To live in nobler splendor then he doth.
But he's content without the Noise of Clyents,
And a Retinue of many Servants. *Cacala*
Serves him for man; And me for Maid.
Dacus. I wish *Bassanes* would appear. 'Tis pitty
Good meat (out of a Complement) should be spoyl'd.

Spinel.

Spinella. He is a Person of his word.
Cypassis. And will
Be suddenly here I dare assure it.
Cacala. But how if he comes not this hour yet?
Cypassis. We must stay for him.
Cacala. I would then I were a Lord, and the better of the two; That we might go to our meat presently, and he come at his own leasure, and sit down accordingly.

Enter Bassanes, *and* Marullus.

Dacus Long look'd for comes at last!
Cypassis. My Lord *Bassanes*, welcome! Friend *Marullus*!
Y'are welcome too.
Bassanes. You see I trouble you *Cypassis.* Why
Seems my *Spinella* discontent?
Spinella. Because
She is not yours. You have forsaken me
I have not seen you many a day.
Bassanes. I shall
Not hereafter be such a stranger to you.
Marullus. These wenches strange Temptations are. Yet sure.
Clorina's Beauties, and the sacred knot
Of *Hymen* will continue him in virtue.
Bassanes. Your daughter looks exceeding well, *Cypassis*,

She's

She's Mistriss of a Beauty so supream,
It is above the rage of time, or sickness.
Cypassis. Venus be prais'd, she needs no Art, and never
Read *Ovids* Poem of the skill of Painting,
She knows not what belongs unto a *Fucus*:
Her Face doth ever wear its native Colours.
Spinel. Mother! the very thought of the Ingredients
Of Paint, would powerfully deterre me from it;
I should be sick to daub my Face with Oyntments
Made of the spawn of Snakes, Spittle of *Jews*,
And Mird of Infants.
Flor. Many a Gentlewoman
Of good Repute, and excellent Features also,
Have not so nice a stomach.
Cypas. I credit it:
And have known many (who ale Art themselves)
Rail at it with so fine an Impudency,
As if they did intend to win belief,
To paint they such Aversion had, as they
Scorn'd (with it) to adulterate their Faces.
Mar. You women no Dissemblers are! He that
Can live without you is an happy man.
Caca. In my opinion, you *Floretta* had
Better become my wife, then thus continue

A Concubine to Captain *Hannibal*.
Flores. I ſhall inform him of your ſaucineſs
If you deſiſt not from your ſuit. Know *Cacala*
I ſcorn to be a wife to thee.
Caca. No more:
You have more Cauſe to ſcorn to be a Whore.
Aſide.
Flor. What mutter you?
Caca. No matter of Importance. I conceit
Your converſation with the Captain hath
Inſpir'd you with valour.
Flor. Prithee wherefore?
Caca. Becauſe you lead ſuch an Incontinent Life;
I think you do not fear the Gods.
Flor. Adon;
Or I will make you fear my *Hannibal's* Anger.
Cypaſ. Our meat ſtays on us.
Baſſanes. Mother lead the way.
Give me your hand *Spinella*,
Spin. And my heart.
Dacus. I fear *Baſſanes* will renew his Love.
Exeunt.
Could I win her affection. I would marry her
And take her to *Rome* out of his reach, ſhe is
Cypaſſis only Child; And they are rich.
She may turn honeſt after ſhe's a wife:
However Mony makes an happy Life. *Exit.*

Actus

Actus Tertii, Scena Tertia

Enter Armelina Sola.

Armelina, *Ovids* fair Coſen *Caralinda* hath
Inſpir'd a ſpirit of Joy into me. Thoſe
Sweet words ſhe told me of my *Phœbianus*,
Sunk pleaſantly into my heart, and thence
Diſperſe a Comfort unto all my Senſes.
Before he travail'd he would often whiſper
Kind Accents in my ears of his Affection.
But (though I wiſh'd him well) I durſt not give
Too eaſy credit to his amorous tongue.
Yet from my Childhood I have had a kindneſs
For him, as he profeſs'd he had for me.
His Conſtancy my only Comfort is;
And I will pay with my Affection his.

Scena Quarta,

Enter Baſſanes, *and* Dacus.

Baſſanes. You ſhould not be ſo angry. He intended
You no affront. He had been drinking ere

We came. You saw he had as much as he
Could bear: Come therefore in again, shake hands
And still continue Friends.

Dacus. It must not be
Refuse my Mistriss health! It is a Crime,
Which nothing but his death shall expiate.
His body goes to *Atoms* for't and's Soul
Whither it pleaseth surly *Caron* to Waft it.
Have I been ever his continual Friend,
Waited on all his worst Extravagancies
With my unwearied valour, and my sword?
And am I slighted thus! I will rouse up
The dreadful Furies from infernal shades,
To stigmatize him full of my revenge.
The lasting Stars of his Ingratitude.

Enter Marullus, Cypasis, Hannibal, Cacala, Floretta, Spinella.

Cypasis. I'e have no quarrelling in my house, you shall be Friends. He shall drink *Spinella's* health, and have no more.

Caca. And you can hinder Quarrels in a Baudy-house, you have more power than a Constable. But if you force him to drink her health; Let him have something more, have her too, though it be but to night.

Spin. Leave pimping *Cacala*, I have no need
Of your assistance in this kind. *Besaues*

And

Let me entreat that you would reconcile them
Bassa. *Marullus* ! I conjure you by our
Friendship :
And Captain *Dacus* ! He shall have the Boul.
pointing to Marullus.
Mar. You shall command me.
Spin. If you expect favour you must leave
These humours. Are you Friends ?
Dacus. I must obey you.
Flor. Shake hands, and let us in again.
Cypas. I need not of *Clorina's* Health enquire
She cannot but be well whom you affect.
Bassa. *Cypasis* ! this is pretty Complement ;
She's free from sickness, and I will be care-
full
To keep her clear from any vitious Act.
Cypas. Doubtless she's virtuous : Trouble not
your head
With Jealousie.
Bassa. I will be wise, old Mother !
Han. Come Captain.
We men of War are for the Field, and there
Will be victorious ; Let the woman here.
Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Clorina *above, as in her Chamber.*

Clorina. I am lock'd in, and at it am amaz'd;
But will conceal it from my ſervants while
I any Excuſe can find. It needs muſt be
My Husband; For he laſt was with me here.
I did not hear him do't; but (in all likelihood
Twas he, when's mind did run on ſomething elſe
I am ſo innocent I ſhould fear nothing,
And yet ſo timerous that I am in dread.

Enter Pyrontus, *and* Philocles *below.*

Pyrontus and his Friend are come into
The Garden: Gracious Heaven divert him from
The Proſecution of his ſuit to me.
My troubleſome thoughts have brought a Drouſineſs
Upon me. Sleep ſhall entertain my time
Until *Baſſanes* comes, and ope's the door.

I

I will not force the lock, becauſe I am
A ſtranger to the reaſon I'm made Priſoner.
Perhaps my Husband knows ſome Mortall danger
Deſign'd againſt me, and hath thus ſecur'd me
Till his return. *Withdraws.*
Pyron. My *Philocles*, by all
The Circumſtances of our mighty Friendſhip
I pray thee vex me with no more Diſſwaſions.
I cannot look upon my Paſſion to
The fair *Clorina* as a Crime. If 'tis
Offence on her to be enamour'd, ſure
All mankind that beholds her, muſt be guilty.
Philoc. You are ſo obſtinate, my heart foretels me
You will draw Miſchiefs on your head. For Heavens ſake
Conſider on your Friendſhip to *Baſſanes*,
Reflect upon the Contumely, you
Will bring upon you from the Mouths of all,
For your unbridled Appetite to the Wife
Of your approved Friend; and for the Breach
Of Sacred Amity by ſuch a Crime.
Pyron. Your words you ſcatter in the wind to give
Counſell to me. My Friendſhip muſt ſubmit
To my more powerful Love.

Philos. Noble *Pyrontus*,
'Tis not too late yet to consult with Reason.
Pray give me leave to wait upon you home.
Rouse your depressed Vertue up, and let
Time, your own Courage, and the gods Assistance
Clear your brave mind, from all these vitious Flames.
Pyron. I will not leave the House till I have seen
And spoken with *Clorina.*
Philoc. You have heard
She is retir'd into her Chamber, there
Hath lock'd her self up; And you may believe
Tis done to shun your Courtship. Will you goe?
Pyron. I will not stir from hence, till I have blest
My eyes with the most glorious Beams of hers.
Philoc. I then must take my leave. If I can do
No good with my Entreaties to my Friend.
The world shall not inflict their Curses on me,
As if that I conniv'd at his Impieties.
I pray you come away.
Pyron. All-powerfull Love,
Hath charm'd me from obeying your Commands.

Philoc.

Philoc. Farewell then; but be wise and follow me. *Exit Philocles.*

Pyron. So let him go. I undisturb'd may now
Enjoy my thoughts; and follow my own *Genius.*
She is not sick, and yet she keeps her Chamber;
And locks her self in, to my greater Prejudice.
That is the window to't. Oh! For the power
Of *Jove*, t' fall on her in a golden shower.
Mercury! thanks. The Gardiner hath left
A Ladder here. I'le rear it up and venture
Thereby to get a sight of her; And (if
I else where must not) there declare my grief.
Rears and climbs up the Ladder.
The window open! every thing foretells
Happy success! —— —— she lyes upon her Bed!
Looks like *Diana* toyld with rural sports.
Fortune hath thus far favour'd me, and I
Will by her Foretop hold, and venture in.
Degenerate Minds are known by Fear: And Fate
Makes the audacious persons fortunate.
She sleeps! *Morpheus* his heavy hand hath laid,
On the fair Lids of her bright eyes. I'le kiss
Them open, till those Suns appear
And shall disperse those Clouds.

Clorina. My Lord! *Baſſanes!*
You to *Clorina* are moſt welcom ever.
Alas! I am deceiv'd: What Spectre's this
That haunts me in *Pyrontus* ſhape?
Pyrontus. It is
No aiery Apparition, but the wretched
Pyrontus ſelf, who hath preſum'd to ſteal
Upon your Privacies.
Clorina. For Heavens ſake go, and never ſee me more.
Your ſelf you too much trouble, and expoſe
Me (whether I will or no) to ſo much Ignominy
By this Intruſion, that ſhould it be known
My Reputation would be overthrown.
For Heavens ſake, hence immediately retire
Without a word.
Pyron. Have you no pitty yet?
Clorina. Have you no Goodneſs?
No care, and no Reſpect for a poor woman?
A Married one, and your Friend's Wife? You gods
Deliver me (in ſafety) from this Monſter.
Men have exil'd all Piety from their hearts,
I muſt not hope for any ſuccour from them.
Fie, fie *Pyrontus*! if you have not made
A league with hell and miſchief, vaniſh ſtreight,
And purge your foul Soul by ſincere Repentance.
Pyron. Are you of ſo ſupream a Beauty, that

It

It were profaneis to compare you to
The faireſt of women kind (I think I may
Say, *Venus* ſelf doth want of your Perfections?)
And can you harbour ſo ſevere a mind,
Within ſo rich a body? Give a Period
To your long Cruelty, and mercy ſhew.
Clorina. You blaſt me with your words, ſtudy my Ruine.
Pyron. Deareſt *Clorina*! Have a Milder thought
Of my immenſe affection. In a body
(by Nature's liberal hand fram'd to a wonder)
Lodge not a ſoul for ever void of pitty;
Slight not my knees thus bow'd to move a tenderneſs,
In your ſo long inexorable heart;
Neither deſpiſe my tears, which thus I pour
A ſacrifice to you diſdain: No longer
Attire your heart in Robes of Salvageneſs,
Armour impenetrably cold. Oh! Mollifie it
With the Remembrance of the aſſiduous ſervice
That I have paid you, upon all Occaſions.

Enter Baſſanes, *and* Marullus *below.*

Baſſa. *Marullus*! I have paſs'd my word to make
This Afternoon a Viſit to *Spinella.*

Mar

Mar. You will not ſo diſcourteous be *I* know:
Your friend *Pyrontus* (as I heard within)
Is come to ſee you, and is in the Garden.
It ſeems he is retir'd into ſome of
The ſolitary walks ; being out of ſight.
Baſſa. Faithful *Marullus* ! I will not conceal
A thought from you that doth diſturb my Breaſt.
He's to our Friendſhip falſe, loves my *Clorina*,
And (if he hath not yet) intends to tempt her
By his leud Courtſhip to incontinent Life.
Becauſe to day I meant to go unto
Cypaſſi's houſe, I've lock'd her in her Chamber,
To prevent him of his wild Aimes.
Marullus. I think
I hear his voice in the next Ally to us
Baſſa. My Wife is with him : Her tongue I'm well acquainted with.
Mar. It ſeems they are together.
Baſſa. Here ſtands a Ladder at her Chamber window,
How came it hither ! Hark ------- O monſtrous villany,
He by it is got up into her Chamber :
I am betraid ; *Marullus* baſely injur'd.
Forſake me not (my Friend) in my adverſity,
Remove the Ladder ſafely without noiſe.

Watch

Watch here *Maru.* *us*, that he ſlides not down,
And ſo eſcape; And this great Trechery,
(By both of them) be impudently denied.
So, ſo, 'tis done without diſcovery.
Lay it down there, or any where, I now
Will go and make a Third in her lewd Lodging.

Mar. But my beſt Friend! noble *Baſſanes*! let not
A raſh impatience move you to ſay,
Or to act any thing unworthy you.

Baſſa. You need not fear me. *Exit.*

Mar. This is an Accident ſo ſtrange, I cannot
Conſider it without aſtoniſhment.
If theſe the Fruits of Marriage be: high Heaven
Be prais'd that I have liv'd a Batcheler.
Boaſt not henceforth you Women, of your wealths
Or Beauties: for if you make no better Proof,
You bring an Hell, in Dowry to your Husbands.

Baſſanes *unlocks the door above. and enters there.*

Clorina. My Husband's come. Oh you have ruin'd me,

Work'd

Work'd such a Mischief that the gods will blush at it.

Bassa. Thou beast! unworthy of the name of man,
Much more unworthy of the name of Friend!
Thy Crime so great is, that I need not lose
A Minute in hearing Lies for thy Excuse.
Kills him.
Dye; and go rince in vain thy so polluted
Soul, in the flaming streams of *Phlegeton.*

Pyron. Let my last words (for they are perfect truth)
Find Credit with you. Your *Clorina*'s chast,
I here surpriz'd her when she was asleep.

Bassa. He's sunk to Hell. Now my lewd Huswife come,
I'le find another Room for your disports,
Thy unclean Body shall no more infect
My Nuptial Bed.

Clorina. Protect, Oh Gracious gods! my Innocence.

Bassanes. Walk in *Marullus.* I have suffer'd wrong:
And this Adultéress, Justice shall ere long.
Exeunt Omnes.

Actus

Actus Quarti, Scena Prima.

Enter Dacus, *and* Spinella.

Dacus. I tell thee (ſweet *Spinella*) I adore thee;
Have for thee a more generous affection,
Than the greateſt Lord in all this Province hath.
Spin. You mean *Baſſanes*. But, my doughty Captain!
He doth expreſs his love in Golden Terms;
Which I more value than a Souldier's Oathes.
Dacus. He loves you for himſelf, and not for you;
Mine is a virtuous Flame.
Spin. Your Dotage is,
Forgetfull grown of what is paſt.
Dacus. I fain
Would marry you.
Spin. Dacus! I am too young.
Dacus. Why jeſts my pritty wanton ſo?
Spin. Old women that love melancholy Lives,
Are the fit'ſt Creatures to make ſlaviſh Wives.
Dacus. Have you ſo ſmall Eſteem for holy Marriage?
And can you think it ſuch a Bondage?
Spin. Yes,

Are

Are not such yoak'd together? And oftentimes,
Draw they not Contrary wayes; like Dogs in Couples?
The tugging at an Oare in any Gally
Is as much Liberty as your Matrimony.
Dac. Fie pritty Atheist. Such profaneness quit
And take an Husband, take thy Captain *Dacus*:
A man whose sword shall reap the *Parthian* Fields,
And bring thee in (by frequent victories)
A large Revenue, equal to thy wishes.
Spinel. My glorious talking Captain, I shall not
Be won with empty words.
Dacus. Have you no care
Of future Bliss, or Bare?
Spinel. *Plato*, and *Virgil* he hath read, I smell him,
And Courts me with their trim Philosophy.
Dacus. As you resolve to live, you do not mean
To serve the Gods.
Spinel. There you come something near me;
But *Venus* is a Goddess, and I shall.
Serve her. But *Dacus!* To be plain with you,
I love a Gaudy Charriot, and fine Horses,
Servants of all sorts, in rich Liveries,
Delicious Meats, and Wines, costly Apparel,
And Jewels of the highest value. I must

Out-

Out-glitter all the Females of the Province,
Or I shall want my will.
Dacus. And all this Bravery
Bassanes wealth shall furnish you withall
You hope, as I suppose. But (dear *Spinella*)
Think of his Marriage. He hath now a wife
Of great Descent, who brought a Fortune to him
So vast, *I* want Arethmetick to name it:
And she may look to be maintain'd at th' height
Of all his Means; And then your hopes will proove
Fleeting as shadows, vanish in the Air.
Spinel. 'Twit me not with his wedlock: For our Crime
Will now be greater, And he shall be brought
To buy his Pleasure at an higher value.

Enter Hannibal, Cacala, *and* Floretta.

The *Roman* Captain his Mistris, and his servant.

Dacus. How fares it with my mighty man of War.
Lets us shake our victorious Hands in Peace,
And pray to *Mars* to set the world in uproar.
Hannibal. That Timerous Princes may grow Bountiful;

Court

Court us to take Employment on us, while
Their Luxuries they may ſecurely follow.
Dacus. Brave Captain *Hannibal*, ſuch Iron-Times
Would be a Golden Age to us; ſhall we
Together walk and drink an health or two,
To all the Sons of Battail?
Hannibal. I am for you.
Spinel. Then I'le retire and keep my Mother Company. *Exeunt Han. Dac. Spin.*
Caca. Gentle *Floretta* ſtay. Let me not loſe
This opportunity to wooe thy love.
Floretta. Where learnt your folly thoſe fine words?
Caca. Your eyes have taught me to expreſs my heart:
They have infus'd a Spirit of ſpeech into me.
Flor. You have been certainly with ſome Pedagogue,
And hired him to pen this Courtſhip for you.
Caca. I love thee better then I love my Captain.
Flor. And I your Captain much above you affect.
Caca. What delicate eyes you have! I'le kiſs them out,
And wear them in my ears.
Flor. You ſhall be hang'd firſt;
I'de rather ſcratch thy heart out with my nails.

And

And ſtuff a Cuſhion with't.

Caca. To ſit, and fart upon't, and keep it warm.

Thou art a pretious Rogue, and I had rather
Have thee to be my wife, than any Damſel
That lives in the *Suburra*. Give me a wench
In all the Gameſome frailty of her youth;
Eſpecially, wo'd ſhe turn honeſt afterwards.

Flor. Thou talk'ſt at ſuch a Random *Cacala*,
That th'art a Paſtime to me. But why rather
Wouldſt thou elect a Beauty broken up
Than one that's ſound?

Caca. To tell you the plain Truth,
An honeſt woman is a Bugbear to me:
I never took Delight in their Acquaintance.

Flor. Run after your Maſter, tell him, I would ſpeak with him.

Caca. I'le pimp no more: But will henceforth grow honeſt.

Flor. I doubt me (*Cacala*) thou haſt of late
Been troubled with ſome terrible Dreams. Haſt ſeen
Pluto, and his dark Region in thy ſleep?
What elſe ſhould make thee talk of Virtue?

Caca. The goodwill (*Floretta*) that I bear to you
Engages me to this diſcourſe. I pray thee
Take me unto thy Husband: And we then
Will run away together, leave Captain *Hannibal*.

To his new Fortune; And resolve both of us
To lead our lives Honestly for the future.
Flor. Out thou Villain! Turn Traytor to a Master
So liberal to thee as my Captain is?
But that I know he would frown thee to death,
I would acquaint him with this Parley. Amend
Or neither he, nor I, will be thy Friend.
Exit. Flor.
Caca. I know not what to make of this wench; and yet I would fain
Make her my Wife: But I think I am a Fool for my Labour.
She'l hold her Peace I hope, That's all my Care,
And then to get her, I will not despair.
Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Bassanes, Marullus, *and* Clorina, *with Servants.*

Bassanes. So, place her in that Chair, and to the sides
Tye fast her Arms, keep her hands open thus!
Here the servants tye her fast, and fasten Pyrontus *heart in her hands.*
Thus!

Thus! That ſhe may not cloſe them, or remove them:
And put her Paramour's Heart into them: So,
Now Foul Adultereſs! Thou may'ſt contemplate
Of the Affection it did bear thee once.
Reflect upon the Mountain of thy Sins,
Which hath over-whelm'd the falſe *Pyrontus*.
Look
Thou moſt libidinous woman, what a Ruine
Thy Luſt hath brought upon him, and thy ſelf.
Clor. I have at large (calling the gods to witneſs
That what I told ſwerv'd not a jot from truth)
Related to you all the Particulars
Of his unruly Love; that he ſurpriz'd me,
Came in at my window whilſt I was aſleep;
With what an horror I was ſtricken at it,
When I perceiv'd 'twas he; how I rail'd at him,
Call'd him by the worſt names that I could think on;
Bad him be gon for ever from my ſight,
That I look'd on him as a Baſilisk,
The Ruine of his honour, and mine own,
That I would tell you of him, my *Baſſanes*,
Inform you what a Devil's Company
You kept i'th likeneſs of a Friend. Juſt gods!
Protect my Innocency, and by ſome means
Divine, inſpire theſe Truths into his heart.

Bassa. That wife who dares pollute the Nuptial Bed,
Is prodigal enough of Vows and Tears,
To win belief from credulous Persons; she
Hath done no wrong, when she hath done all the wrong.
Clori. Thrice happy are those souls that from the Cares,
And slanders of this wicked Age are free,
Walk up and down *Elizium* in their thin
And airy substances. And have them so
Transparent that their thoughts may all be seen.
Wood mine were such. Oh that the Deities
Would lend their eyes a while to you, that you
Might search (*Bassanes*) every Cranny of,
My heart. I do not know a thought I have,
I would conceal from you.
Bassa. Thou hast a Soul,
So ulcerous, *Clorina*, that the Prayers,
And vows of all the world can never cleanse it.
Clor. Oh! the hard heart of unbelieving Man!
Happy you Virgins that do stop your ears
Against the Charms of their bewitching tongues
And evermore continue in your Chastity.
I would to Heaven I never had beheld
Hymen to light his Pine. Have I bestow'd
My self on you to find such miseries,
Under your Roof? I wish my Parents had

As

As soon as I was born expos'd me to
The open Fields, unto the Cruelty
Of the most salvage Beasts; or in a smal
Unguided Boat, left me unto the fury
Of an inraged Sea. Would any Mischief
Had fallen upon me, but this fatal Marriage.
Bassa. Hearken *Marullus*! are you not amaz'd
To hear her speak against our Nuptials thus?
It is apparent that she doth repent her
Of taking me, And wish'd she had *Pyrontus*.
Mar. I pray you hear her out.
Clorin. How you mistake
My meaning, my belov'd, and cruel Husband!
I would it had been pleasing to the gods,
I never had been made a wife to any.
How fortunate a choice might you elsewhere
Have found; these dire Mischances mist; and I
(With my ill Fate) have no man else infected.
Mar. My heart is bigg with sorrow at her words,
And vents it self in this sad dew.
Bassa. What are these Tears for, you do drie away?
Mar. I cannot choose but Melt.
Bassa. You are too Tender.
Come: we will leave her to contemplate here
The horrid wickednesses, she hath acted.
If that all sense of honour hath not left thee.
Clorina, dye: It will be endless shame

For thee to live, after thou thus hast brought
Perpetual Ignominy on my poor Family.
Mar. I pitty her, *Bassanes*, much commiserate
Her so disastrous Fate: She may be Innocent:
I pray you think her so; I hope she is.
Bassa. Her Reputation's gon, for ever lost;
A Sea of Tears cannot wash off her Guilt,
'Tis so infectious, I am tainted with it,
Falſe woman, dye: Lost honour never more
(By any Means) admits of any Cure.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Ovid, *solus.*

Sure I was born when all the glorious Stars
Were met in Councel to contrive a Mischief.
Under pretence of my Loose usefull studies,
For the composing of my Art of Love.
In my declining years (when I expected
Ease, and a quiet Life) I was exil'd
From *Rome*, and here confin'd to end my dayes
Among a people rude, and almost barbarous,
Except a few of th' Gentry and Nobility,
In a Cold Country, where fierce *Jether* payes
(Through divers channels) a Continual Tribute

Of his vast streams into the Euxine Sea,
A many have imagin'd *Julia*
Daughter of great *Augustus* was too gracious
And liberal of her Amorous Favours to me;
Which caus'd him to inflict this Punishment.
But ere that Emperor left the world, he was
Inform'd (for that Particular) of my Innocency:
And was acquainted that, if I were faulty,
It was an Error in me, not a Crime;
For if I ere enjoy'd her, it was through
Her craft; I taking her to be another.
But he was too severe; That excellent Princess
He shew'd as little Mercy to, as me.
Now about Twenty years, in the small Island
Of *Trimerus* (near the *Apulian* Shores)
Confin'd by him sh' hath led a tedious Life.
I must confess she had a Generous kindness
For me, and took delight to read my Poems.
But by her Letters, and Authentick witness
Clear'd me sufficiently from that Reproach:
And won thereby so much upon her Father,
That I had been repeal'd if he had liv'd.
Since his Decease by divers Messengers
(Persons of Noble Rank and Quality)
And by her eloquent Epistles she hath
(For my return to *Rome*) importun'd much
The great *Tiberius*, her too Cruel Husband,
But he that to a Wife (who brought him all

The Universe in Portion) shews no mercy;
Will not redress my wrongs. Here I must mourn
Out all my Life, and find my Funeral Urn.
Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hannibal, *and* Cacala.

Han. This Captain *Dacus* is a jovial Blade,
Doubtless a very valiant Gentleman,
And of an heart as liberal as the Air.
Cacala! How lik'st thou him
Caca. But so, so, yet?
I was well pleas'd to see him pay the Reckning.
You are far from home, and Mistriss *Floretta* is
As chargeable as a stable of running Horses.
Han. It is grown something late; And Time to think
Of our Return unto our Lodgings. Look!
What's that?
Espies a man hanging on a Gibbet.
Caca. Sir, I see nothing.
Han. Cast thy eyes
This way. How now! what is't hangs there?

'Tis

'Tis a poor Fellow that was executed
Two, or three dayes ago.
Han. He had ill fortune,
Had he not better have follow'd *Mars*, and falne
In glorious Battail, and his ſoul exſpir'd
Through many wounds, then Ignominiouſly,
Thus ſneak to death in Nooſe of paltry halter?
Caca. My Captain *Hannibal* talks evermore
Of mighty Battails, or his little Whore.
Han. What mutter you, Sirrah?
Caca. I (by your valour's Leave) was ſaying Captain,
Y'on man hangs in a pittiful cold corner.
The North wind ſhakes his Legs as he were dancing.
Of Wine, and Women, and of all good Meats,
He hath for ever took his Leave.
Han. I'me ſorry for's hard Fate. Some lying People
Report ſome of the dead have walk'd. If thou
Can'ſt ſuch a piece of fine Activity ſhow,
Come ſup with me to night. Thou ſhalt be welcome. *Speaks to the Hang'd-man.*
Caca. He bows his head.
Han. Hang 'his head.
Caca. He needs not put himſelf to ſuch unneceſſary trouble:
He that ſmall favour hath receiv'd already,
From ſome of's ſmaller Friends.

Han. If th'art a good dead Fellow, Come (I
ſay)
And ſup with me to night.
Spectre. I'le come.
Caca. I think I heard him anſwer; he would
come.
Han. Thou art ſo timerous; The Eccho of
My voice deludes thee.
Han. Follow me thou fearful Puppy.
Caca. A dog,
His Captain-ſhip makes of me; Sir, I ſhall
Even tread upon your Heels; I dare not ſtay
Behind an inch.
Han. Come then, for I fear nothing.
Caca. By your Leave.
I dread the Gallows mightily: And a Thief
That can talk after he's dead is a terrible Bug-
bear. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Armelina, Baſſanes, *and* Marullus.

Arme. I'me come to wait upon you Brother,
and
To ſee how my dear Siſter; your *Clorina*
Enjoys her health. I found among your ſer-
vants,

A general ſorrow as I paſs'd along.
And you (me thinks) reflect diſtracted looks:
What is the reaſon of this Alteration
Throughout your Family?
Baſſa. I am ſomething troubled,
And now not in condition for diſcourſe.
Arme. What is the matter, good *Marullus*! Though
I may ſuppoſe ſome buſineſs, that hath fallen
Athwart his Expectation, hath diſtemper'd
His thoughts at preſent; yet I gueſs he is not
Sick. Therefore my afflicted mind miſgives me,
That my poor Siſter is not well: Reſolve me,
Alas! I ſee ſome malady hath taken her:
And he like a Good Husband ſuffers with her,
Grieves for her want of health: Is it not ſo?
Baſſa. Sweet *Armelina*! At this preſent leave me:
I at another time ſhould fitter be,
To give you th'Entertainment you deſerve;
According to the utmoſt of my power.
Arme. The gods be with you: My poor Company
Shall be no longer to you troubleſome.
I hope to find my Siſter in her Chamber;
And will go ſit with her.
Baſſa. She is not there.
Arme. Where is ſhe then? For I reſolve to ſee her.

Baſſa

Baſſa. She's not in caſe to give you Entertainment,
Or to receive a viſit.
Arme. Alas! You ſtrike me
Almoſt as dead, as I ſuſpect ſhe is.
For Heavens ſake teach me where to find her.
Baſſa. She is alive,
I pray you let that ſatisfie, and leave us.
Arme. Not for the World. I will not leave the houſe
Till I have ſeen, and ſpoken with *Clorina.*
Baſſa. My dear *Marullus!* Since this Lady is
So very importunate, She'l not be diverted,
Guide her I pray you to her Siſter.
Mar. I muſt obey you; And fair *Armelina*
Shall wait upon you. *Exeunt Mar. and Arme.*
Arme. Lead, and I follow you.
Baſſa. Now ſhe will curſe me, and traduce my name,
Though (the Gods know) her Siſter's in the blame.
He that refrains for fear of womens Tongs
To right himſelf, baſely ſubmits to wrongs.
Exit.

Scena

Scena Sexta.

After a ſmall Supper ſet forth,
Enter Hannibal, *and*
Cacala.

Han. What! Is this all w'are like to have?
Caca. So pleaſe your Souldier-ſhip, renowned Captain,
This is even all; And it may ſerve the turn.
Although I have an Appetite as ſharp
As your victorious Sword, great Captain *Hannibal.*
Han. Where is *Floretta* (*Cacala?*) Go call her,
She will rail at this meat, and call me covetous.
Caca. I needs muſt ſay, her ſtomack never fail'd her,
Though ſhe's but little, ſhe's a tall woman at a Trencher.
Han. Run, and call her,
Tell her the meat will be cold; And then 'tis ſpoyl'd.
Caca. I may ſave that Labour. Miſtris *Spinella* hath invited her to Supper.
They and *Cypaſſis* eat to night together.
Han. Will Captain *Dacus* be there.

Caca.

Caca. I think not Sir.
I never knew *Cypassis* but an hungry:
She's not so bountiful, as to invite
Others to eat her meat up.
Han. How comes it then *Floretta* is their guest?
Sit down, and be not troublesome: You know
I'de have it so.
Caca. I thank your valour. I have some small suspition
Bassanes hath a Liking took to your
Dear *Damigella*, and *Cypassis* must
Court her, and tempt her to his various Lust.
Han. May be so *Cacala*! Let him take his Chance:
If he so lead, i'le follow him the Dance;
Then *I* will woe *Spinella*; And he shall
Father the spurious issue i'le get on her.
Hark! Somebody knocks: Rise, and inform me who
Is at the door -------How now, What art thou deafe,
And hear'st me knock; or dumb because thou speak'st not?
An Apoplexy sure hath ceaz'd upon thee.
Sit down again, and drink a Glass of Wine
It will recover thee. Well done, now eat thy meat.
Again there knocks somebody at the door.
Rise once more Sirrah, and conduct them in.

Be

Be gon, or *I* shall kick you to your duty.

He opens the door, turns back and falls down, as in a Swound.

This idle Rascal sure the falling Sickness
Hath got of late. *I* must be at the charge,
I fear to send for a Physitian to him.
I wonder who it is: For somebody knocks
Again. *It* needs must be a stranger, else
He such long Complement would not have shew'd.
Still he knocks on. *I* will go bring him in.

Enter Spectre.

Your name Sir, and your pleasure.
Spectre. My name, *Helvidius* is.
Han. You are a stranger
Unknown to me; *I* pray, what is your business.
Spectre. *I* come to sup with you.
Han. Though clad so meanly,
You shall be welcom.
Spectre. *I* am not so rude,
To press upon you, uninvited, Captain.
Han. Who should invite you?
Spec. Sir! Your self.
Han. 'Tis strange.
I should forget it then.
Spec. *I* come unlook'd for Noble *Hannibal*,
But you did bid me to supper to night.

Han.

Han. My Memory hath fail'd me. Where *Helvidius*?

Spec. At the Gibbet, by the City walls;
Where I did hang in Chains.

Han. This is a Curtesie deserves a welcome;
You are most welcome Sir, and so believe it.

Spec. You are my generous Patron, and I thank you.

Han. Sit down, I pray sit down. So: 'tis well done,

Cacala! Where's *Cacala*. Give me a Glass of Wine,
What on the floor still? rise man.

Caca. I dare not stir, nor breathe Sir.

Han. He will not hurt you.

Spec. I shall not be so rude, where I find welcome
To do a Mischief.

Han. Fill Wine. Sir much good do you. And here's to you,
To your fair Mistresses health; whether alive,
Or your Companion it'h *Elizian* Groves.

Spec. You much endear me.

Han. Could I have thought you would have supp'd with me,
You should have been much better treated.
Sit down and eat, Thou silly *Cacala*!

Caca. I am very timerous.

Han. His Promise and my Valour do protect thee.

Caca.

Caca. This Napkin thus disposd under my Hat,
Shall keep my eyes off him. I'le eat like a Lyon,
Because I sit in fear, and after will
Chew the Cud as some Beasts do, to digest it.
Spec. Good Fellow, I salute thee with this Bowl,
To thy brave *Hannibals* Mistresses health.
Caca. I have no mind to drink yet. My Master
Is the better Pledger of such Fancies.
Han. You shall not refuse him. Off with it *Cacala:*
I'le conclude it.
Spec. It has gone round.
Captain, your kindness hath so far oblig'd me,
That I presume to beg a favour of you.
Han. You shall command.
Spec. I pray you dine with me to morrow.
Han. You jest.
Spec. I am in earnest: You shall be most welcome.
Han. Where?
Spec. At the Gibbit.
Han. I'le come.
Caca. Now my bellie's full, I cannot forbear
To cast a sheeps eye at him.

Oh! oh. *Cries out aloud, falls backward, and (with his Legs under the Table) overthrows it, and all the meat.*

Spect. I thank you, generous Captain; And good night.

Han. Farewell Sir; And expect me as I promis'd.
Riſe thou unmannerly Beaſt, and let's to bed.

Caca. Good Maſter, and thrice-valiant Captain *Hannibal*,
See me in bed firſt, and aſleep, I beſeech you,
And let me have Miſtreſs *Floretta*; For I dare not lye alone.

Han. Follow me and undreſs me.

Caca. Sir, I beſeech you have a little patience:
Say that I ſhall not lye alone to night,
And you will comfort me. I otherwiſe
Shall be ſo weak with fear, I ſhall not be
Able to pluck your ſtockins off.

Han. Get whom
Thou wilt to be thy bedfellow, but *Floretta*:
For, her I cannot ſpare.

Caca. Then I entreat you,
Let me lye in the ſame bed with you both.

Han. You muſt ſome other Lodging find.

Caca. Is't ſo?
Then I muſt old *Cypaſſis* try: Perhaps
A bottle of ſtrong water will prevail
So far with her,
That ſhe may give me leave

To

To lye with her.
And yet I had much rather
Lye with my old Grand-mother, or Grand-father.
Han. 'Tis said she was a Beauty in her Youth.
Caca. Sure no man can report it that hath seen it:
For I believe her birth was in the daies
Of *Lucius Brutus*, who was *Rome*'s first Consul.
Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

Enter Marullus, *and* Armelina, *to* Clorina *fastned in a Chair, with the heart of* Pyrontus *in her hand.*

Arme. Y'ave made me such a terrible Relation
Of his strange Jealousie, and his foul Murther,
And's barbarous usage of your dear sweet self;
That (my *Clorina*) I'm deficient
Of Language to express my admiration.
But (my dull eyes) can you so long refrain
From dissolution into showers of tears?
My heart is sure of stone, or it would break
At these effects of's impious proceedings.
Clor. Have patience, my best Sister. 'Tis enough

For me to be so miserable: I would not
My suffrings should beget a grief in you.
Arme. Then I more stupid were then Salvages,
Then any beast in any Wilderness,
Or any Fury in black Hell it self.
Clor. Oh! *Armelina*, how am I beholding
Unto you, for your pity of my wrongs!
And yet I needs must grieve to see you thus
Afflict your self at the sad sense of them.
But I beseech you to assume a courage
Worthy our Noble Family to o'recome it.
I shall but a few minutes longer trouble you
With my unfortunate company: I find
My heart too weak to make resistance longer
Against th' impetuous storm of my vast injuries:
I find Death stealing sensibly upon me.
Arme. The Heavens forbid.
Clor. Prayers come too late now to divert my Fate.
I pray you therefore, good *Marullus*, hast
To my dear Husband, and your faithful Friend;
Tell him, I beg but so much favour from him,
As I may breathe my soul out in his presence,
And see him once again; and I shall die
Contentedly, and pardon him my wrongs.
Mar. Madam! I do beseech you to have patience,
I will go for him; and have hope he will

Be

Be very ſhortly reconcil'd unto you:
For from my ſoul I pitty your misfortunes.
Exit Marullus.

Clor. Shed no more tears. You have, my *Armelina*,
Spent too much of that precious dew already
On poor unworthy me.

Arme. You are *Clorina!* my Elder, and
My only Siſter: And can I perceive
Your innocency perſecuted thus,
And ſeem an unconcern'd Spectator of it?
It is impoſſible. Give me leave therefore,
T' expreſs all ſorrow I am capable of,
As tribute of my cordial affection
To your ſo lovely, ſweet, and injur'd perſon.

Enter Baſſanes, *and* Marullus.

Clor. Welcom my too unkind, though my dear Husband,
To your *Clorina*, welcom my *Baſſanes*.
My eyes grow dim, and I my heart-ſtrings feel
To crack. Your harſh ſuſpition of my Loyalty,
And ſo ſevere an uſage of me, have
Cut off my life in prime of all my youth.
Here, with my parting breath (in preſence of
The Gods, within the hearing of your friend
Marullus,

And of my Sister) I declare I dye
Free from all guilt, and never injur'd you.
And so farewell for ever. Gods! I come;
Afford my Innocency in Heaven a room.
She dies.

Mar. She hath took leave of life.
Arme. I did not think
Her death had been so near.
Farewell for ever all content and pleasure
Since she is gone. No thought of joy shall ever
Possess my heart hereafter. She that was
My only happiness is vanish'd from me.
Look Monster of Mankind! This is a sight
Only befits the eyes of such a Villain.
Here thou hast murther'd the most virtuous wife
That ever *Hymen* knew; And one that was
In her affection over-fond of thee.
Bassa. Your passion makes you speak you know not what.
Your Sister injur'd me in such high nature,
That she hath justly brought upon her self
The end that's come upon her.
Arme. Th' *Anthropophagians* that devour mans flesh,
By thee may be instructed in worse Cruelties.
What hellish wretch, but thy more hellish self
Would thus have us'd a Lady of her beauty?

To

To faſten with ſtrong wires (in a Caſe of Male)
A mans heart in his wife's own hand, and lock her
With Chains into a Chair, faſt; is a miſchief
None but *Baſſanes* durſt have done. What Tyrant
In Hiſtory did ever act ſo ill?
Perillus was an Innocent to thee.
The vengeance of high *Jove* hangs o're thy head,
To ſtrike thee with his forked-Thunder dead.
Baſſa. No Husband but a Wittal, would have ſuffer'd
The Proſtitution of his Wife.
Arme. You ſlander her, baſely belye her virtues.
She to us all hath clear'd her ſelf. *Marullus*
And I heard her relate the ſtory. It was
The ſaddeſt that did ever fall from tongue;
Which ſhe before had told thee all at large.
She doated on thee to her death, and with
Her laſt expiring breath proteſted freely
Her Innocency from thy imputed Crime.
Baſſa. I care not what you ſay: She was as foul
In her baſe actions, as her face was fair.
Arme. Thou doſt traduce inhumanely her virtue;
And I believe forbad'ſt ſhe ſhould have meat.

Baſſa. I did not think of it; And therefore gave
Forth no ſuch Order.
Arme. If the leaſt Humanity
Remains yet in thee, let her be releas'd
From theſe ſo barbarous bonds; this heart remov'd
Out of her hands; it with *Pyrontus* body
Deliver'd to his Friends for Sepulchre:
And I will take care for the funeral-Rites
Of ſweet *Clorina* my poor murther'd Siſter.
Baſſa. 'Twill eaſe me of ſome trouble, and a Charge;
Therefore I will conſent to that demand:
And the Gods keep me from a ſecond Marriage.
Arme. Thou needſt not fear that: thou canſt not find a woman
So loſt to Virtue, and to Honor, that
Dare be a Wife to ſuch a bloody Butcher.
Sure there's no woman in the world ſo ſenſeleſs,
And wicked, as to give her ſelf to thee.
I'le tell thy ſtory unto all I meet;
And thy reproach ſhall ring through every ſtreet.
Baſſa. Your Larum may run on, whilſt I'le declare
To all the world how falſe you women are.

Exeunt Omnes.

Actus

Actus Quinti, Scena Prima.

Enter Ovid, Philocles, *and* Caralinda.

Ovid. I am amaz'd much, and afflicted more,
With the ſad news you have imparted to us.
Philo. All my entreaties could not win him thence:
And therfore miſſing him too long from home,
And knowing upon what deſign he ſtaid,
I did enquire of *Armelina*; who
Made me the ſad Relation you have heard.
Oh brave *Pyrontus!* I lament thy Fate;
That haſt in love prov'd ſo unfortunate.
Cara. It is ſo ſad a ſtory you have made us,
That it draws tears from my eyes. Though I was
A ſtranger to their perſons, my weak Sex
Allows me liberty to weep. A man
Would not be tax'd of ſoftneſs, to relent
At ſo deplorable an Hiſtory.
Philo. Madam! I am ſo far from blaming you,
For gracing with your tears their cruel Fates,
That my heart chides mine own eyes for not melting.
Hell never plotted a worſe Tragedy.
Nor ever did ſo great a Lover find,

So

So merciles a death as Lord *Pyrontus*:
Neither did ever Virtue and Beauty meet
So hideous a Treatment as *Clorina*.
Ovid. Have you their bodies seen, since they were dead?
Oh *Philocles!* If you those woful objects
Have look'd upon, you have beheld a sight
More sad than ever *Tomos* was accus'd for.
Philo. Alas! I brought the Heart, and mangled body
Of my dear Friend *Pyrontus*, to his house:
And did attend the Corse of fair *Clorina*
To *Armelina*'s Palace: where alas
No *April*-shower ever fell so sweetly,
As she doth weep over her Sister.
Cara. A word with you dear Cozen *Ovid.* My eyes
Are big with tears, and my poor heart is loaden
With grief. A thousand showers cannot drain them.
And Time wants years enough to wear away
The Sense and Memory of this woful day.
Ovid. I must beseech you to have patience.
Cara. I have too much, dear *Ovid!* Much too much:
But I will all the Fortitude collect
That my poor heart is capable of, and shall
Suppress all signs exterior of a grief.

You

You know the Fortune which *Trasullus* told me:
I find it now points at me; And will therefore
Go walk abroad. You are acquainted well
With *Philocles*. I'le leave you with him.
Ovid. I will attend upon you.
Cara. By no means,
You are old and sickly; And I will not be
So troublesome.
Ovid. You shall not go alone.
Good *Philocles*, My Cosin *Caralinda*
Is something undispos'd, and hath a mind
To take the Air abroad; You will oblige me
To bear her company. She is a stranger,
Which is the cause I crave the trouble from you.
Philo. The Noble *Ovid* may command me any thing.
But you confer much Grace on me, to give
Me leave to wait upon a gallant Lady
Of so surpassing Excellencies.
Cara. You complement (Sir) with me.
Ovid. Hereafter you may like better of her Company,
When you are more acquainted with her.
Beware I pray you what you do; Take heed
Speaks to Caralinda aside.
You give not too much Credit to Predictions.

Take

Take heed your vengeance be not raſh; Be-
ware
You bring not ruine on your flouriſhing youth.
Cara. I will not play the *Amazon*, believe it:
And ſo (beſt Poet) for a while farewell.
Philo. Your ſervant, generous *Ovid!*
Ovid. Sir, I'm yours. *Exeunt* Caralinda,
and Philocles.
O Love, and Jealouſie! What mighty power
You, mighty paſſions, have o're humane hearts?
How you too often joyn within one breſt,
And joys that would aſpire keep low ſup-
preſt!
To be enamour'd on a beautiful object;
As natural to us is, as t' eat and drink:
But to ſuſpect whom we affect, is a Crime
Declares a guiltineſs within one's ſelf;
A want of Merit. Then a wiſe man ſhould
Make himſelf worthy of his Miſtreſs Love,
Or never proſecute his amorous ſuit.
A diſcreet Lover in a beauteous out-ſide,
Expects a mind adorn'd with all the virtues;
And holds it an impiety to think,
So rich a ſoul can ever ſtoop to vice.
Therefore the Lover that is rightly bred,
Admits no jealous thoughts into his head.
I wiſh *Baſſanes* had prov'd ſuch, then he
Might have enjoy'd an happy life on earth:
Too paſſionate *Pyrontus* then had liv'd,
And (in ſome time) might have overcome
himſelf: The

The admirable and innocent *Clorina*
Had been alive; this Tragedy had never
Been acted here, which will be famous ever.
Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Baſſanes, *and* Marullus.

Mar. If you would give me leave (as your known Friend)
Whom you have long grac'd with your Amity,
To tell you freely my Opinion,
And no offence, take it. I ſhould tell you
(My Lord *Baſſanes*) I conceive you have
Been much too raſh in your proceedings.
Baſſa. How?
If ſuch a thought you harbour of my actions,
I needs muſt tell *Marullus*, that he thinks me
Guilty of my Wife's blood: Do not imagine
Your friend aſpers'd with ſuch a Crime. She was
A gallant Palace (to do her beauty right)
Where all the Devils of Luſt inhabited.
Mar. I cannot tell, but if one might give credit
To her ſo often ſerious Proteſtations,
And to her vows utter'd with her laſt breath,
She

She was an Innocent.
Baſſa. They that dare play
So foul a Game, value not what they ſay.

Enter Caralinda, *and* Philocles.

What Lady's that?
Mar. I never ſaw her before.
Baſſa. She is a Miracle of ſuch handſomneſs,
She can no other be but *Venus* ſelf.
Philo. Yonder's the Murtherer of my Lord *Pyrantus*,
And the baſe uſer of the beſt of women.
My blood is all on fire at this Encounter,
My Hilt ſeems Loadſtone, and my hand of Iron;
I cannot keep it longer from my Sword.
(A ſudden vengeance he deſerves,) which ſhall
Fall on him. At this preſent I'le revenge
The ſlaughter of my friend, and the ſad death
Of his ſo barbarouſly abus'd *Clorina*.
Cara. Dear *Philocles* forbear. I do conjure you,
By all the love you bore unto *Pyrantus*,
Suppreſs your anger for a while; yet know
I wiſh him but a ſhort Reprieve, and hate him
As much as you. He at a fitter time
May find his Deſtiny. Let it not be ſaid
He dy'd i'th' preſence of a tender mind.
Philo. I muſt obey you, Madam!

Baſſa.

Baſſa. She is an object ſo extremely raviſhing,
I muſt ſpeak to her.
Mar. I had thought you had
Done with that Sex for ever.
Baſſa. I reſolv'd ſo:
But beauty ſuch a potent Charm is known,
Strong'ſt Reſolutions it hath overthrown.
Hail Female Goddeſs, or if (of woman-kind)
Hail! rich Epitome of all the beauty
That ever yet in ſeveral women Nature
Reveal'd to humane eyes!
Cara. Good *Philocles!*
Draw back a little. I would find to what
His fine words aim; and he will be more ſparing,
(If y' are too near us) to expreſs himſelf.
Philo. I will retire a little. But beware
His flatteries win not on your heart.
Cara. I warrant you.
Baſſa. My friend *Marullus*, I beſeech you walk aſide.
Mar. I ſhall, my Lord, obey you.
Good day to *Philocles!* Pray ſhun me not:
For I am much afflicted at the Tragedies
Baſſanes Rage and jealouſie have acted;
I had no hand in them, and could I have
Prevented them, they had not been perform'd.
Cara. You both provoke my wonder, and my bluſhes:

Become

Become enamour'd on a ſtranger! One
You never ſaw before!
Philo. Marullus he hath done ſuch horrid acts,
The Gods can never puniſh him enough.
Baſſa. It doth become your beauty, to work
ſuch wonders.
Madam! I am one of the chiefeſt perſons
Of all this Province, and have an heart to love
you,
Above the expreſſions of a thouſand tongues.
Cara. Your name (Sir) I beſeech you.
Baſſa. 'Tis *Baſſanes.*
Cara. What he that (through his jealouſie
and fury)
Murther'd *Pyrontus*, and his innocent Wife?
Baſſa. You have been miſ-inform'd: He did
deſerve
The Fate he found: And her ſhame broke her
heart.
I am the ſame *Baſſanes*, but not guilty
Of any Crime. They in their deaths found
Juſtice.
Cara. I've heard too much of them already.
But how
Can you ſo freſh a widdower, ſo ſoon
Give entertainment to a ſecond flame?
Baſſa. Your beauty that can work ſuch Mira-
cles
Is a ſufficient reaſon.
Cara. I may prove

The

The like ſad deſtiny *Clorina* did,
Should I become your Wife.
Baſſa. It is impoſſible;
You are an heaven where all the virtues meet;
And therefore cannot be inconſtant to
Your Wedlock-vows.
Cara. I merit not (*Baſſanes*)
This favour at your hands. If I ere wed,
It ſhall be unto one of my own Country.
Baſſa. Within a Body form'd to all perfection,
That ever liberal Nature, and the Gods
Could, can, or ever ſhall make up (fair ſtranger.)
Give not an Entertainment to Contempt
Of your inſlav'd *Baſſanes*, neither in't
Lodge thoughts diſdainful, nor an heart of Flint.
Cara. 'Tis an aſtoniſhment in me to hear you
To make ſo paſſionate diſcourſe to me;
Even one whoſe name you neither know, nor Fortune:
I may be poor, and vitious.
Baſſa. Nothing but Virtue
Can in a body ſo beautiful inhabit.
Vice dares not ſo preſumptious be, as t' enter
Under ſo fair a Roof; And y' are ſo rich
In Beauty, that I with more joy ſhould marry you,

Then t' be saluted Emperour of the world.
Cara. You court me now indeed. I have some
business
Of such concern, that at this time no longer
I can stay with you.
Bassa. But must you needs be gone?
Cara. I must, in truth.
Bassa. When shall I then receive
So great a blessing as t' enjoy a second time
Your coveted company?
Cara. Within this half hour
I'le meet you here again.
Bassa. Y'ave rais'd me to
A joy as great, as *Jove* himself can know.
Cara. Come generous *Philocles*, I will impart
Our Parley freely to you, and acquaint you
With the whole Cause, why I entreated you
To stifle your Revenge, and to retard
His death. You shal know al my secret thoughts.
Philo. Sweet *Caralinda*, you oblige me much.
I shall attend you any where.

Exeunt Caralinda, *and* Philocles.

Bassa. Marullus!
Cupid hath pointed all his shafts with the
Fair beams of this bright Ladies eyes. I am
Become enamour'd on her to that height
That I must marry her, or I shall die.

Mar.

Mar. The Heavens forbid.

Baſſa. Nay rather, friend, may all the gods vouchſafe it.

Mar. You know not what ſhe is, ſhe may be much
Unworthy of ſuch Nuptials:
Reſiſt betimes; Phyſick too late is took
When ſickneſs (through delay) is fix'd at th' root.

Mar. Surely ſhe can
No other be, but *Ovids* Kinſwoman,
Who (we have heard) ſo lately came to *Tomos*;
I will preſume her, then, of Noble Birth.
That excellent Poet is my worthy friend;
And I may hope will eaſily be won
T' aſſiſt me to attain her to my wife.
Methinks he ſhould be glad to have his Coſin
Well matched here; To be fix'd a conſtant comfort
Both to his Age, and grief for his Exilement.

Mar. May the juſt Powers Divine, turn all to th' beſt.

Baſſa. If I obtain her to become my Wife,
An Heaven on Earth, I ſhall enjoy this life.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Hannibal, *and* Cacala.

Caca. Sir, I entreat you (my too valiant Captain!)
To give me leave to return home. I have
No mind to ſuch a formidable Dinner.
Han. What ſhouldſt thou fear? My keen victorious Sword
Carries ſpells ſtrong enough to conjure down
All the unruly Fiends of *Pluto*'s Court.
Therefore for ſhame take courage: Thou hadſt wont
To have a good ſtomack to thy meat: And ſure
This gallant Ghoſt will treat us very Nobly.
Caca. I have an horror to ſuch company;
And had a thouſand times much rather be
With Miſtris *Floretta*, and converſe with her.
Han. Thou talk'ſt ſo often of her, that I think
Thou art in love with her.
Caca. I muſt confeſs
I have ſome ſmackering that way: But the Awe
I ſtand in of your Indignation,

Deters

Deters me from profeſſing my Reſpects.
I wiſh your Captainſhip would caſt her off,
And give me leave to make her my honeſt Wife.
Han. Thou talk'ſt impoſſibilities, Fool *Cacala!*
To think to make an Whore an honeſt woman, or
Such an one wou'd indeed prove a ſtrange wonder:
And he that ſhould to ſuch an one be wed,
Might raiſe a mighty portion to himſelf,
By taking money for the ſight of her.
Caca. His tongue's no ſlander. *Aſide.*
Han. Walk on: w'are almoſt there.
Caca. I'm monſtrouſly afraid.
Han. Fear nothing in my company, but the marrying
Of an Whore.
Caca. I ever dreaded ſtories of *Hobgoblins*,
But evermore abhorr'd the ſight of them:
Beſeech you therefore Captain *Hannibal*,
Give me leave to go back.
Han. Thou ſhalt not leave me, I will make thee valiant,
And neither to fear Men, nor Devils.
Caca. Heaven bleſs me!
Han. We ſhall have a brave dinner without doubt.

Caca. Instead of a Calfes head, and glorious Bacon,
A skull half rotten of some Malefactor,
Stoln from a Neighbour-Gallows to his own:
And (in the place of a brave side of Venison)
The salt Hanch of some executed [illegible]vd:
And in the room of *Grecian* Wines, the moisture
That doth distill from their hang'd putrifi'd bodies.
Sir, I will take my leave.
Han. Thou shalt go with me,
And (when imployment calls me forth again)
I'le make thee my Lieutenant: w' are almost there.
Look you! He is come down from off his Gibber.
'Tis the most courteous fellow that ere di'd
By skurvy Halter. Wou'd his Judges were
Truss'd up in's place, and all the villanous Jury
That did condemn so brave a Spark.

Enter Spectre.

Spectre. Welcome thou Noblest Son of *Mars!*
Give me

Thy

Thy hand, thou ſervant to great *Hannibal.*

Cacala. I wiſh you would excuſe me the Complement.

Spectre. You need not fear me.

Han. Cacala be couragious, and dread nothing,
My friend *Helvidius* will no hurt do to thee:
Should *Cerberus* bark but at thee, with my Sword
I (at one blow) would cut off all his heads.

A Table ſet forth, cover'd with a black Linnen Cloth, all the Napkins of the ſame colour; the meat, and diſhes, Bottles, Wine, and all things elſe.

Spectre. You ſee your Entertainment, and are both
Moſt heartily welcome. Let us ſit, and eat.

They all ſit down and eat.

Caca. I do not like the colour of this Linnen.
The Meat, and Wine, and every thing is black.

Spectre. 'Tis the ſole colour us'd in *Pluto*'s Court.

Caca. The meat taſts well though. Though I had rather be
At a piece of Bread and Cheeſe at Madam *Cypaſſis*'s.
I cannot chuſe but eat. I think my fear

Hath added to my hunger.
Spectre. Gallant *Hannibal*,
I dedicate this Boul to thy *Floretta*.
Han. Off with it then, thou only Worthy of
The other world. Here *Cacala*, thou shalt pledg me.
Caca. I'le do my weak endeavour.
Han. I thank you Sir, and in requital drink
To him or her you most affect.
Spectre. Y' are Noble.
Friend *Cacala*, here's to you, and you conclude it.
Caca. I dare not do otherwise.
Han. Would you excuse my curiosity Sir,
I would enquire why you were executed.
Spectre. I'le satisfie you: The Lords and Gentry of
This City *Tomos* gave order to a Statuary
To make the Image of the Poet *Ovid*,
In beaten massie Gold, for the Honor he
Had done them, by writing an excellent Poem
I'th' Getick Language in *Tiberius* praise.
When it was ready to have been presented,
I got into the house, and stole it thence;
Melted it privately, and put it off
By little parcels, spent it on wanton wenches,
And among boon companions. In my Cups
Brag'd on't to two false Brothers, who betraid me.
Han. I would they had been born both drunk, and Fools.

Spectre.

Spectre. I pray you give me leave to be as free
With you. Why were you baniſh'd and confin'd?
Han. A poor old woman, and a Witch, a Friend
Of mine, pretended an occaſion to make uſe
Of a live Infant, ript out of the Belly
Of's Mother: And th' Enchantment ſhe was hammering
Was for my ſervice. I ſtole into a Cottage
That ſtood alone, where ſuch a woman liv'd then,
Found her alone, and had ſo laid my plot,
That I might undiſturb'd proceed; cut up
Her belly, took her Infant thence, and ſow'd
A Cat up in the place; ſo ſhe enjoyn'd me.
This ſimple Sorcereſs being for other
Matters accus'd, and like to dye, confeſs'd
This Prank.
Spectre. How chanc'd it, you eſcap'd with life?
Caca. My Captain is the greateſt villain that
I ever heard of; I will leave his ſervice,
Although I have oft been told of this before.
Han. The Favourite, all-powerful *Sejanus*,
Did bring me off with life. I help'd him to
Floretta's Maidenhead; for which good turn
I alſo had ſome bags cram'd with Seſterces.
Spect. You had good fortune to eſcape ſo well.

Han.

Han. Some buſineſs calls me home. I give you thanks
For this brave Entertainment: So farewell.
Spectre. I pray you ſtay a while, you ſhall look on
A little Maſque I have provided for you.
Han. You much oblige me, and are over-liberal
Of your high favours to me.

Enter (after very ſolemn loud Muſick) Æacus, Rhadamanthus, and Minos, the Judges of Hell; Alecto, Tyſyphone, and Megæra, the Furies; and dance all together to loud Muſick.

Spectre. *Æacus, Minos,* and *Rhadamanthus,* the three
Judges in Hell; *Tyſyphone, Megæra,* and *Alecto,*
The Furies there (of equal number to them)
Lead in a Dance.
Cacala. Can Devils be ſo merry!
But I had ever thought there had been rather
Three thouſand Judges there, then three; I wonder
Their

Their number is so few: so of the Furies;
For oft, on earth, one woman hath more in her.

The Dance ended, this Song follows.

I.

Most happy is the Libertine,
And of mankind the most ingenious;
Who from grave Precepts doth decline,
And doth indulge his jovial *Genius*.
Oh! the joyes, the joyes,
They have that follow Vice,
Without any fear of the gods:
Who freely wast their Treasures,
To purchase them their pleasures,
And are with the virtuous at odds.

II.

The Atheist is the greatest fool,
Who only aims to please his Senses;
Thinking in Heaven no Gods bear rule,
And tipples, murthers, swears, and wenches.
Oh! the woes, the woes,
That follow all those
Who wear out their lives in vice,
That swear, whore, kill, and drink,
And never them bethink,
Till they fall into Hell in a trice.

After

After the Song is ended, they all seize on him, and carry him away.

Han. Must I be then betraid thus! false *Helvidius!* *Exeunt with him.*
And fooliſh *Hannibal* to truſt to *Spectres!*

Spec. Away with him. Down to the Infernal ſhades
Of griſly *Pluto*'s Kingdome let him ſink:
A fouler ſoul was never ſeen in Hell,
Where's witchcrafts, rapes, murthers, and vicious life
Will find a ſuitable endleſs puniſhment.
The Spectre vaniſheth.

Caca. This was a terrible ſight indeed. Heaven keep me
But in my wits till I can ſee *Floretta*,
And I ſhall tell her ſuch a tale, as will
Make her return virtuous, if ſhe hath not loſt
All love to th' Powers Divine, and fears no vengeance. *Exit.*

Scæna

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Baſſanes *ſolus.*

Baſſa. I find my ſelf half rais'd to happineſs
Already, after my ſo late affliction.
The ſtranger Ladies Beauties triumph here
Within my heart; My hopes are fair enough
That I ſhall win her to become my wife:
Then all my future daies I ſhall eſteem
To be a laſting Feſtival, and more
To be priz'd by me then are all the Faſts
Obſerv'd the year through in our Kalendar.

Enter Phœbianus, *and* Philocles.

Phœbia. I now have made you well acquainted with
My Perſon, and my Hiſtory, and have to you
Reveal'd the reaſon why I did entreat
You to forbear *Baſſanes*, when your rage
Would fain have flung you on him. Now you know
The cauſe why I will meet him. Give me therefore
Leave (Noble *Philocles*) to go alone.

I fear him not at all, and ſhall not have
Any need of your aſſiſtance. 'Tis
The will, ſure, of the gods, that I ſhould ſingly
Encounter him. Therefore retire (my Friend,)
Near hereabouts you may conceal your ſelf:
You within call may ſtay, I ſhall have quickly
Diſpatch'd with him, and ſhall not fail then to
Hollow you back. See, there he is a walking,
And waiting my approach.
Philo. You muſt command me,
The Gods be with you. Philocles *withdraws.*
Phœbia. Well met *Baſſanes.* *Ovids* Kinſwoman,
The ſtranger *Caralinda*, hath imploid me
To you, to make Apology for her
Not meeting you according to her promiſe.
Why do you look ſo wiſhly on me? Do you
Know me?
Baſſa. I certainly have ſeen your face
Before. Some alteration that I find
Some years of abſence might have made. Reſolve me,
I pray you Sir, Are you not *Phœbianus*,
Pyrontus younger Brother, that have ſpent
Three or four years abroad? If y' are not he,

I never ſaw two Faces ſo alike.
Phœbia. I *Phœbianus* am, and *Caralinda*
Whom you ſo lately troubled with your court-ſhip.
Through the Providence of the Almighty Gods,
I met with thee in that diſguize: And part-ed
From thee but to diveſt me of thoſe Cloaths,
And bring my Sword to our next parley. 'Tis needleſs
To tell thee more; And I have too much time
Trifled away in this diſcourſe. Pray draw
Your Sword; For one of us muſt dye.
Thou trayterouſly, and unawares didſt mur-ther
My brave, and hopeful Brother. Though he lov'd
Clorina, he deſerv'd her better far
Then thou; never attempted violence unto her,
And (in a little time) might have ſub-du'd
His too unruly paſſion. Thou haſt broke
Thy Innocent Ladies heart with uſages
More horrid then a *Scythian* ever practis'd:
Therefore unleſs you will die baſely, draw.
Baſſa. You are a glorious Talker, fine young man;

But

But I ſhall preſently allay your pride,
And the fond confidence you ſeem to have
In your own valour.

Phœbia. Let us try your skill.

Baſſa. Y'ave ſought your ruine by provoking me.

Phœbia. So: Have you yet enough?

Baſſa. Oh! you have ſlain me.
I have receiv'd ſo home a thruſt, I dye,
Without another word.

Baſſanes dies.

Enter Marullus.

Phœbia. Marullus, in an equal Duel I
Have kill'd your friend. The Gods did guide my Sword;
Juſtice was on my ſide: He ſlew my Brother:
And I in *Roman* honor could do no leſs,
And to preſerve my Reputation clear,
Among the *Getes* my Countrymen, then to
Fight fairly with him.

Mar. My mind miſ-gave me ſome diſaſtrous Fate
Would overtake him for ſo foul a murther.
Though I am griev'd at his ſad death, I'm glad
You are, my Lord, return'd ſo ſafely home.

Phœbia.

Phœbia. You'l ſee his body convey'd unto hi houſe.
Mar. I ſhall not fail.
Phœbia. The Gods preſerve you.
Mar. Farewell, brave *Phœbianus.*
Phœbia. Friend *Philocles!* *Calls aloud.*
Phil. I'm (at your ſervice) here.
Phœbia. Stay, and I'le come to you. *Exit.*
Mar. Draw near you that his ſervants are, and bear *Enter Servants.*
This ſad Lord to his Palace. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Captain Dacus, Cacala, Cypaſſis, Floretta, *and* Spinella.

Cypaſ. It was a lamentable Spectacle
We met withall as we came hither.
Dacus. An uſual one, a dead man:
We Souldiers ſmile upon a thouſand ſuch.
Cypaſ. Baſſanes was an extraordinary perſon.
Dacus. Cæſars, and Lords, muſt die.
Caca. You talk of trifles. The ſtory I related you
Of my Maſter Captain *Hannibal's* being took away with Devils,

Deserves to be call'd terrible indeed.
Hell broke loose on him, Devils, and Devils-Dams
Seiz'd both upon him. He would fain have hung
An arse, but no resistance could prevail:
Away they hurried him, and left me in
So great a fear, I know not how I came home.
Flor. Thou hast told us too much of this already,
And too often.
Caca. 'Twill never out of my Memory.
Flor. Nor from thy tongue I fear.
Caca. Oh fear the Gods, Mistress *Floretta*, fear them;
Take heed the Devils show you not such a Trick:
Turn virtuous, pretty One, and marry me;
For I do love thee above woman-kind:
Show thy self therefore to me a kind woman.
Flor. Though I am sorry my *Hannibal* is perish'd so;
I cannot call him back; And must some care
Take of my self. And therefore *Cacala*
I'le be thy wife. All his remaining Goods
Are ours.
Caca. And I have something too to trust to In

In my own Country.
Cypaſ. Here's a Match ſoon made up.
Flor. We will return to *Rome*.
Caca. With all my heart.
Dacus. And will my fair *Spinella* prove as kind?
Spinel. Now Lord *Baſſanes* is dead, I am content
To receive Captain *Dacus* for my Husband:
Mother! I hope of your allowance to it.
Cypaſ. And you ſhall have it. The gods grant you joy.
Dacus. My Mother *Cypaſſis* now indeed!
Cypaſ. You knew her Father. He was your Countryman
And a fine Gentleman, when he in *Rome*
Did marry me; I elſe ſhould never have been
Content t' have liv'd in ſo remote a Province.
Though his good nature, and many loſſes at Sea
Melted away moſt of his Land; we have
Silver and Gold enough to make you live
In plenty.
Dacus. Mother, I kiſs your reverent hand
In gratitude. What my own means may prove
Deficient in, my valour ſhall ſupply.
Spin. We'l have no fighting nor any quarrelling:

I am for Peace. Love hates the noiſe of War.
Dacus. You are too timorous; grow as affectionate;
For thus I print my Soul upon thy lips.
Caca. Let us go home, ſend for a Prieſt of *Hymens*,
And preſently each Couple on's be married.
Omnes. Agreed, agreed.
Caca. I dare not lye alone to night for fear
My Captain, or his Friends, ſhould give me a viſit.
Spinel. Was *Hannibal* a Gentleman by birth?
Dacus. My pretty One——
Brave *Hannibal* the famous *Carthaginian*,
Who march'd like *Mars*, even to the walls of *Rome*,
And fought againſt that Senate for the worlds Empire;
In one of's Winter-Quarters at *Salapia*,
Obtain'd th' affection of a Beautiful Lady,
Call'd *Iſſidora*: And from them he was
Deſcended lineally; as he lately told me.
Spinel. And is now
Deſcended to the Devil; we have heard how.
Exeunt omnes.

Scæna

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Ovid, Phœbianus, Philocles, Armelina, *and Servants.*

Phœbia. My Father (on his death-bed) did enjoyn me
(For Educations ſake) to ſtay ſo long.
You grace me (excellent *Armelina*) much
After ſo long a Tryal to receive me.
Arme. I nothing have worthy your acceptation,
But my reciprocal return of Love.
Phœbia. I kiſs your hand for ſo immenſe a bounty.
But why (my faireſt) would you never honor
My many Letters with one ſingle anſwer?
Arme. I durſt not; fearing (among the *Roman* Ladies)
You might have made a ſecond choice, and then
Have left me blaſted in my Reputation.
Phœbia. I was too true, and you was too ſevere.
Arme. But wherefore came you ſo diſguis'd? and why?

From me would you conceal your self?
Phœbia. 'Tis reasonable that I should satisfie you.
Just upon my departure out of *Italy*,
My Curiosity led me to *Trasullus*,
One of the chief Astrologers of these times,
And happy in fore-telling future fortunes:
I made Friends to him, and receiv'd these verses.

Return disguis'd in Womans Cloaths, and you
The Murtherer of your Friend shall pay his due;
Obtain your Mistress to become your Bride,
And with her gain a world of wealth beside.

Ovid. *Bassanes* his death, and fair *Clorinas*'s wealth,
(You being her Heir) added to your great Portion,
Confirm for truth the Sooth-sayers Prediction.
Arme. And I again must thank you for so bravely
Revenging on *Bassanes* his foul Cruelties.
But why (my *Phœbianus*) would you not
Disclose your self to me?
Phœbia. You are my Country-woman; And I fear'd

So

So doing, I ſhould have broken my Injunctions:
But now (divineſt Lady) when ſhall I
Be made ſo happy by your gracious ſelf,
As to receive you for my Bride?
Arme. As ſoon
As I can give ſome ſtint unto my tears;
After my Siſters Obſequies are paſt.
Philo. Pray liſten! What noiſe is that without? I think
I hear an horn, and 'tis ſome Poſt.

Enter a Poſt.

Phœbia. From whence, my friend, come you?
Poſt. From *Rome.*
Phylo. What news?
Poſt. I've Letters for the famous Poet *Ovid.*
Ovid. Deliver them. I'm that unfortunate man.

Ovid *breaks open his Letters and reads.*

I am undone for ever. No more hope
For my return muſt ever flatter me.
My Wife writes to me, ſhe hath us'd the utmoſt
Of her endeavour (aſſiſted by the chiefeſt
Of both our Friends, and of moſt power with *Cæſar.*)

For my Repeal, or but (at leaſt) Removal
To a more temperate Clime; and that th' are both
Refus'd her, and ſhe enjoyn'd perpetual ſilence
In my behalf. Beſides, my Friend *Græcinus*
(A *Roman* of high note) hath writ me word,
The gracious Princeſs *Julia*, our great Empreſs
And my beſt friend, is in *Trimerus* dead.
One of theſe News were much too much to ſtrike
My poor and crazy body into my grave.
But joyning both their poyſonous ſtings together,
I needs muſt to the world this truth impart,
That *Ovid* dies here of a broken heart.

Dies.

Phil. It was too ſad a truth his laſt breath did
Expreſs; for he, alas! is dead indeed.
Arme. Death is too prodigal of his Tragedies
In this ſmall City. I muſt ſpare from my
Clorina's Fate one ſhower of tears to ſhed
Upon his Grave.
Phil. Not only we, but all the *Getick* Nation
Were worſe then barbarous, paid we not that duty
To Excellent *Ovid*'s infelicious end.

Arme.

Arme. He was a most accomplish'd Gentleman,
A person affable, and sweet-condition'd;
And of the *Roman* Poets the most ingenious.
Phil. He was in *Italy* at *Sulmo* born,
A pleasant City within the Territory
Of the *Peligni*, and descended of
The Ancient Family of the *Nasones*;
Who had preserv'd the Dignity of *Roman*
Knights, from the first Original of that Order.
I'th' *Asiatick* wars, he under *Varro*
Had eminent Command, and well discharg'd it:
Who now alas (after seven years Exilement)
Hopeless of a Repeal, hath breath'd his last;
Arme. Take up his Noble Body, and bear it gently
To his own house; we all will wait on it thither.
Phœbia. I'le have a stately Monument erected,
(Without our City-walls, near the chief Gate)
To his fair Memory, to declare the gratitude
Of *Tomos* to him, for the Honour it
Receiv'd by his so long abode among us;
Inclos'd in which (within a Marble-urn)
Curiously wrought, his ashes shall for ever
Remain in peace; An endless grace to *Pontus*.
Phil. No Poet ever did more glory contribute
Unto

Unto the Latin Language, then his Pen.
The Soul of Poetry feels a Convulsion
By his Decrease. He no superiour knew
In that sweet Art; and was great *Virgils* Equal.
His works have an Eternity stamp'd on them,
Do far exceed the Consul *Cicero*'s verses,
And all the lines sacred *Augustus* ever
Writ in a numerous strain; All the fine Poems,
The Darling of the People, the Facetious
And valiant Prince *Cæsar Germanicus*
Hath publish'd with applause; and all such things,
Though writ by hands that were the spoils of Kings.

Ovids *Body being removed,*
Exeunt omnes.

THE

THE EPILOGUE.

NOble, and generous Spectators, ſtay!
A word at Parting, and then go your way.
Our Author is ſtoln hence in mighty haſt,
Becauſe he thought the Houſe was overcaſt
With Clouds on every Brow; and was in dread,
A ſtorm would elſe have faln upon his head.
I am his friend left purpoſely behind,

To

T' inform him how his Fate proves; harſh, or kind.
Beſeech you Ladies ſmile: Their general Frown,
Portends the Men will hiſs our Tragedy down.
Command them clap their hands; for it is ſtrange,
If men forbear, when women bid them clap.
I thank you Ladies! thank you Gentlemen!
To morrow, you may be welcom here agen.

FINIS.